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THE CHURCH OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

BY ISABELLA BANKS.

To the green primeval forests across the western wave,
Oppression drove a slender band of true hearts strong and brave:
They could not think as others thought, nor feel as others felt,
Nor obey the royal edict to kneel where others knelt;
But they had heard of shores afar by priestly feet untrod:
So they sought that land for conscience's sake—their guiding star, their God!
No gallant bark was theirs to steer, only a time-worn boat,
With stores as small as seamanship—and yet she kept afloat,
For Faith and Hope were at the helm amid the tempest's roar;
But Hope was dead and Faith was numb before they reached the shore,
Where children faint, and women pale, first pressed their feeble feet,
And stretched out hungry hands to clasp their last few grains of wheat.
Five grains of wheat!—ay, think of it!—were all for each thin hand,
When the Mayflower had sailed her last, and brought her freight to land.
But—for prayer and praise unfettered, at once the welkin rang
With the anthems of thanksgiving those grateful pilgrims sang,
Ere a roof was theirs to shelter, or fruits their parched lips prest—
They had touched the land of promise, and left to God the rest!
And they, who from cathedral aisles had fled in fear and scorn,
In a grander God-built temple could worship eve and morn,
Beneath the interlacing boughs like arches overhead,
Where verdure of a virgin turf a silent carpet spread,
And stately as a pillared shaft uprose each tall tree-bole,
With the sun-rays—God's bright fingers—to glorify the whole.

BAFFLED!

BY

MRS. HENRY WOOD.

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AS HE ENTERED THE DOOR HE SAW ENOUGH TO CONFIRM THE SUSPICIONS THAT MISS BLAKE HAD AROUSED IN HIM.

CHAPTER I.

MRS. WYNNE'S HOME.

The house was ugly and old-fashioned, with some added modern improvements, and was surrounded by a really beautiful garden. Though situated close upon a large market town of Northamptonshire, it stood alone, excluded from the noise and bustle of the world.

The occupant of this house was a widow lady, Mrs. Wynne. Her husband, a post-captain in the Royal Navy, had been dead some years. She had two sons. The elder, Adam, was of no profession, and lived with her; the younger, Karl, was a lieutenant in one of Her Majesty's regiments. Adam was presumptive heir to his uncle, Sir Joseph Wynne, a baronet of modern creation; Karl had his profession alone to look to, and a small private income of two hundred a year.

These were not rich, these Wynnes; though the captain had deemed himself well-off, what with his private fortune, and what with his pay. The private fortune was just six hundred a year; the pay not great; but Captain Wynne's tastes were simple, his wants few. At his death it was found that he had bequeathed his money in three equal parts: two hundred a year to his wife, and two hundred each to his sons. "Adam and his mother will live together," he said in the will: "she'd not be parted from him; and four hundred pounds, with her bit of pension, will be enough for comfort. When Adam succeeds his uncle, they can make any fresh arrangement that pleases them. But I hope when that time shall come they will not forget Karl."

Mrs. Wynne resented the will, and resented these words in it. Her elder boy, Adam, had always been first and foremost with her; never a mother loved a son more ardently than she loved him. For Karl she cared not. Captain Wynne was not blind to the injustice, and perhaps thence arose the motive that induced him not to leave his wife's two hundred pounds of income at her own disposal; when Mrs. Wynne died, it would lapse to Karl. The captain had loved his sons equally; he would willingly have left them equally provided for in life, and divided the fortune that was to come sometime to Adam. Mrs. Wynne, in spite of the expected rise for Adam, would have had him left better off from his father's means than Karl.

There had been nearly a life-long feud between the two family branches. Sir Joseph Wynne and his brother the captain had not met for years and years; and it was a positive fact that the latter's sons had never seen their uncle. For this feud the brothers themselves were not in the first instance to blame. It did not arise with them, but with their wives. Both ladies were of a haughty, overbearing, and implacable temper; they had quarreled very soon after their first introduction to each other; the quarrel grew, and grew, and finally involved the husbands as well in its vortex.

Joseph Wynne, who was the younger of the two brothers, had been a noted and very successful civil engineer. Some great work, that he had originated and completed, gained him his reward—a baronetcy. While he was in the very flush of his new honors, an accident that he met with laid him for many months upon a sick bed. Not only that, it incapacitated him for future active service. So, when he was little more than a middle-aged man, he retired from his profession, and took up his abode for life at a pretty estate he had bought in Kent, called Foxwood Court, barely an hour's railway journey from London; by express train not much more than half a one. Here, he and his wife had lived since; Sir Joseph growing more and more an invalid as the years went on. They had no children, consequently his brother, Captain Wynne, was heir to the baronetcy; and, following on Captain Wynne, Adam his eldest son.

Captain Wynne did not live to succeed. In what seemed the prime of his health and strength, just after he had landed from a three years' voyage, and was indulging in ambitious visions of a flag, symptoms of a mortal disease manifested themselves. He begged of his physicians to let him know the truth, and they complied—he must expect but a few weeks more of life. Captain Wynne, after taking a day or two to look matters fully in the face, went up to London, and thence down to Sir Joseph's house in Kent. The brothers, once face to face, met as though no ill-blood had ever separated them; hands were locked in hands, gaze went out to gaze. Both were simple-minded, earnest-hearted, affectionate-natured men; and but for their wives, to whom, if the truth must be avowed, each lay in subjection—not a misword would ever have risen between them.

"I am dying, Joseph," said the captain, when some of their emotion had worn away. "The doctors tell me so, and I feel it to be true. Naturally it has set me on the thought of many things—that I'm afraid I have been too carelessly putting-off. What I have come to you chiefly for, is to ask about my son, Adam. You'll tell me the truth, won't you, Joseph, as between brothers?"

"I'll tell you anything, Harry," was Sir Joseph's answer. "The truth about what?"

"Whether he is to succeed you or not."

"Why of course he must succeed, failing yourself. What are you thinking of, Harry, to ask it? I've no son of my own; it's not likely I should have one now."

"It's not the title I was thinking of, Joseph. Failing a direct heir, I know that must come to him. But the property?—will he have that? It's not entailed; and you could cut him out absolutely."

"D'ye think I'd be so unjust as that, Harry? A baronet's title, and nothing to keep it up upon! I have never had an idea of leaving it away from you, or from him if you went first. When Adam succeeds to my name and rank, he'll succeed to my property. Were my wife to survive me, she'd have this place for life, and a good part of the income; but Adam would get it all at her death."

"This takes a weight off my mind," avowed Captain Wynne. "Adam was not brought up to my profession. Beyond the two hundred a year he'll get from me——"

"A bad thing, that—no profession," interrupted Sir Joseph. "If I had ten sons, and they were all heirs to ten baronetcies, each one should be brought up to use either his brains or his hands."

"It's what I've urged over and over again. But the wife—you know what she is—she set her face against it. 'He'll be Sir Adam Wynne, of Foxwood,' she'd answer me with; 'and he shall not soil his hands with work.' I have been nearly always afloat, too, Joseph, not on the spot to enforce things; something has lain in that."

"I wonder the young man should not have put himself forward to be of use in the world!"

"Adam is idly inclined, I fear. One thing has been against him, and that's his health. He's as tall and strong a young fellow to look at, as you'd meet in a summer's day, but he is anything but sound in constitution. A nice fellow, too, Joseph."

"Of good disposition?"

"Very. We had used to be almost afraid of him as a boy—he would put himself into such unaccountable fits of passion. Just as—as—somebody else used to do, you know, Joseph," added the sailor, with some hesitation.

Sir Joseph nodded. The somebody else was the captain's wife, and Adam's mother. Sir Joseph's own wife was not exempt from the same kind of failing, but in a less wild degree than Mrs. Wynne.

"But Adam seems to have outgrown all that. I've seen and heard nothing of it since he came to manhood," resumed the captain. "I wish from my heart, he had some profession to occupy him. His mother always filled him up with the notion that he would be your heir and not want it."

"He'll be my heir, in all senses, safe enough, Harry, though I'd rather have heard that he was given to industry than idleness. How does he get through his time? Young men naturally seek some pursuit as an outlet for their superfluous activity."

"Adam has a pursuit that he makes a hobby of, and that is his love of flowers—in fact, his love of gardening in any shape. He'll be out amidst the plants and shrubs from sunrise to sunset. Trained to it, he'd have made a second Sir Joseph Paxton. I should like you to see him; he is very handsome."

"And the young one—what is he like? What's his name, by the way? Henry?"

"No. Karl."

"*Karl?*" repeated Sir Joseph, in surprise, as if questioning whether he heard aright.

"Ay, Karl. His mother was in Germany when he was born, it being a cheap place to live in—I was only a poor lieutenant then, Joseph, and just gone off to be stationed before the West Indies. A great friend of hers there, some German lady, had a little boy named Karl. My wife fell in love with the name, and called her own after it."

"Well, it sounds an outlandish name to me," cried the baronet, who was entirely unacquainted with every language but his own.

"So I thought, when she first sent me word," assented Captain Wynne. "But after I came home and got used to call the lad by it, you don't know how I grew to like it. The name gains upon your favor in a wonderful manner, Joseph, and I have heard other people say the same. It is Charles in English, you know."

"Then why not call him Charles?"

"Because the name is really Karl, and not Charles. He was baptized in Germany but christened in England, and in both places it was done as 'Karl.' His mother has never cared very much for him."

"For him, or his name, do you mean?"

"Oh, for him."

Sir Joseph opened his eyes.

"Why on earth not?"

"Because all the love her nature is capable of—and in her it's tolerably strong—is given to Adam. She can't spare an atom from him. Her love for him is as a kind of idolatry. For one thing, she was very ill when Karl was born, and neither nursed nor tended him. He was given over to the care of her sister, who lived with her, and who had him wholly, so to say, for the first three years of his life."

"And what's Karl like?" repeated Sir Joseph.

"You ought to see him," burst forth the captain, with animation. "He's everything that's good, and noble, and worthy. Joseph, there are not many young men of the present day so attractive as Karl."

"With a tendency to be passionate, like his brother?"

"Not he. A tendency to patience, rather. They have put upon him at home—between ourselves—kept him down, you know, both mother and brother. He is several years younger than Adam, but they are attached to each other. A more gentle-natured, sweet-tempered lad than Karl never lived. All his instincts are those of a gentleman. He will make a brave soldier—he is ensign in the — regiment."

"The — regiment," repeated Sir Joseph. "Rather a crack corps that, is it not?"

"Yes. Karl has been lucky. He will have to make his own way in the world, for I can't give him much. But now that I am assured of your intentions as to Adam, things look a trifle brighter. Joseph, I thank you with all my heart."

Once more the brothers clasped hands. This reunion was the pleasantest event of their later lives. The captain remained two days at Foxwood. Lady Wynne was civilly courteous to him, but never cordial. She did not second her husband's pressing wish that he should prolong his stay, neither did she once ask after any of his family.

Captain Wynne's death took place, as anticipated. His will, when opened, proved to be what was mentioned above. Some years had gone by since. Mrs. Wynne and her son, Adam, continued to live together in their quiet home in Northamptonshire. Karl — lieutenant now, and generally with his regiment—paying them an occasional visit now and then.

No particular change had occurred save the death of Lady Wynne. The families had continued to be estranged, as heretofore—for never a word of invitation had come out of Foxwood. Report ran that Sir Joseph was ailing much—very much, indeed—since the loss of his wife.

And now that so much of introduction is over, we can go on with the story.

* * * * * *

A beautiful day in April. At a large window, thrown open to the mid-day sun, just then very warm and bright, sat a lady of some five-and-fifty years. A tall, handsome, commanding woman, resolution written in every line of her haughty face. She wore a black silk gown, with the slightest possible modicum of crape on it, and the guipure cap—or rather, the guipure lappets, for of cap there was not much to be seen—had in it some black ribbon. Her purple-black hair was well-preserved and abundant still; her black eyes were stern and fearfully honest. It was Mrs. Wynne.

She was knitting what is called a night-sock. Some poor sick pensioner of hers or her son's—for both had their charities—needed the comfort. Her thoughts were busy—her eyes went fondly out to the far end of the garden, where she could just discern her son against the shrubs—the fairest and dearest sight to Mrs. Wynne that earth had ever contained for her, or ever would contain.

"It is strange Sir Joseph does not write for him," ran her thoughts, and they very often did run in the same groove. "I cannot imagine why he does not. Adam ought to be on the spot and get acquainted with his inheritance—his uncle must know he ought. But that I have never stooped to ask a favor in my life, I would write to Sir Joseph and proffer a visit for Adam and for—yes—for me. During that woman's lifetime, Adam was not likely to be welcomed there. But the woman's gone; it is two months this very day since she died."

The woman thus unceremoniously alluded to was Lady Wynne, and the slight mourning worn was for her. Some intricacy in the knitting caused Mrs. Wynne to bend her head. When she looked up again, her son was not to be seen. At the same moment, a faint sound of distant conversation smote her ear. The work dropped on her lap—with a look of annoyance, she lifted her head to listen.

"He is talking to that girl again. I am sure of it."

Lift her head and her ears as she would, she could not tell for certain whose voices they were. Instinct, however—that instinct of suspicion we all feel within us—was enough.

A very respectable man-servant of middle age, thoughtful in face, fair in complexion, with a fringe of light hair round the sides of his otherwise bald head, entered the room and presented a note to his mistress.

"Who is it from?" she asked, as she took it off the silver waiter—an old waiter, and bearing the Wynne crest.

"Mrs. Pole's housemaid has brought it, ma'am. She is waiting for an answer."

It was but a friendly note of invitation from a neighbor, asking Mrs. Wynne and her two sons to go in that evening. For Karl, the second son, had come home for a two days' visit, and was just then writing letters in another room.

"Yes, we will go—if Adam has no engagement," said Mrs. Wynne to herself, but half aloud. "Hewitt, go and tell Mr. Wynne that I wish to speak with him."

The man went across the garden and through the wilderness of shrubs. There stood his master at an open gate, talking to a very pretty girl with bright hair and rosy cheeks.

"My mistress wishes to see you, Mr. Adam."

Adam Wynne turned round, a defiant expression on his haughty face, as if he did not like the interruption. He was a very fine man, of some three-and-thirty years, tall and broad-shouldered, with his mother's cast of proud and handsome features, her fresh complexion, and her black hair. His eyes were dark grey, deeply-set in the head and rarely beautiful. His teeth also were remarkably good; white, even, and prominent; and he showed them very much.

"Tell my mother I'll come directly, Hewitt."

Hewitt went back with the message. The young lady, who had turned to one of her own flower-beds, for the gardens joined, was bending over some budding tulips.

"I think they will be out next week, Mr. Wynne," she looked round to say.

"Never mind the tulips," he answered after a pause, during which he had leaned on the iron railings, looking dark and haughty. "I want to hear more about this. Rose, come here."

The house to which this other garden belonged was a humble, unpretentious dwelling, three parts cottage, one part villa. A Mr. Turner lived in it with his wife and niece. The former was in good retail business in the town—a grocer—and he and his wife were as humble and unpretentious as their dwelling.

The niece, Rose, was different. Her father had been a lawyer in small local practice, and at his death Rose—her mother also dead—was taken by her uncle and aunt, who loved both her and her childish beauty. Since then she had lived with them, and they educated her well. She was a good girl, and in the essential points of mind, manner, and appearance, a lady. But her position was of necessity a somewhat isolated one. With the trades-people of the town Rose Turner did not care to mix; she felt that, however worthy, they were beneath her, quite of another order altogether; on the other hand superior people would not associate with Miss Turner, or put so much as the soles of their shoes over the door sill of the grocer's house. At sixteen she had been sent to a finishing school; at eighteen she came back as pretty and as nice a girl as one of fastidious taste would wish to see.

Years before, Adam and Karl Wynne had made friends with the little child; they continued to be intimate with her as brothers and sister. Latterly it had dawned on Mrs. Wynne that Adam and Miss Turner were a good deal together; certainly more than they need be. Adam had even got to neglect his flowers, that he so much loved, and to waste his time talking to Rose.

It cannot be said that Mrs. Wynne feared any real complication—any undesirable result of any kind; the great difference in their ages might alone have served to dispel the notion. Adam was thirty-three; Miss Turner only just out of her teens. But she was vexed with her son for being so frivolous and foolish; and although she did not acknowledge it to herself, a vague feeling of uneasiness in regard to it lay at the bottom of her heart.

As to Adam, he kept his thoughts to himself. Whether this new propensity to waste his hours with Miss Turner arose out of mere pastime, or whether he entertained for her any warmer feeling, was his own secret entirely.

Things—allowing for argument's sake that there was some love in the matter—were destined not to go on with uninterrupted smoothness. There is a proverb to that effect, you know.

During the last few weeks a young medical student, named Martin Scott, had become enamoured of Miss Turner. At first he had confined himself to silent admiration. Latterly, he had taken to speaking. Very free-mannered, after the fashion of medical students of graceless nature, he had twice snatched a kiss from her, and the young lady, smarting under the infliction, indignant, angry, had whispered the tale to Adam Wynne, and no sooner was it done, than she repented; for the hot fury that shone out of Mr. Wynne's face, startled her greatly.

They were standing together again at the small iron gate ere the sound of Hewitt's footsteps had well died away. Rose's garden hat was untied, and she was playing with its strings.

"Rose, I must know all; and I insist upon your telling me. Go on."

"But indeed I have told you all, Mr. Wynne."

Mr. Wynne gazed steadfastly into Miss Rose's eyes, as if he would get the truth out of their very depths. It was evident that she spoke unwillingly, and only in obedience to his strong will.

"It was last night, was it, that he came up, this brute of a Scott?"

"Last night, about six," she answered. "We were at tea, and my aunt asked him to take some—"

"Which he did of course?" savagely interrupted Mr. Wynne.

"Yes; and eat two muffins all to himself," laughed Miss Turner, trying to turn the anger off.

Mr. Wynne did not like the merri-

ment, and in a displeased tone of voice checked her, saying:

"Be serious if you please, child; this is a serious matter. Was it after tea that he—that he dared to insult you?" and the speaker shut his right hand with a meaning gesture as he said it.

"Yes. Aunt went to the kitchen to see about something that was to be prepared for my uncle's supper—for she is fidgetty over the cooking, and never will trust it to the servant. Martin Scott then began to tease as usual, saying how much he cared for me, and asking me to wait for him until he could get into practice."

"Well?" questioned Adam, impatiently as she stopped.

"I told him that he had already had his answer from me, and that he had no right to bring the matter up again, and that it was foolish besides, as it only set me more against him. Then I sat down to the piano and played the Chatelaine—he only likes loud music—and sang a song, thinking it would pass the time in peace until aunt returned. By and by I heard my uncle's latch-key in the front door, and I was crossing the room to go out and meet him, when Martin Scott laid hold of my arm, and kissed me."

Mr. Wynne bit his lips almost to bleeding. His face was frightful in its anger. Rose shivered a little.

"I am sorry I told you, Mr. Wynne."

"Now listen, Rose. If ever this Martin Scott does the like again, I'll shoot him!"

"Oh, Mr. Wynne!"

"I'll warn him. In the most unmistakable words; words that he cannot misconstrue; I will warn him of what I'll do. Let him disregard it at his peril; if he does, I'll shoot him as I would shoot a dog!"

The very ferocity of the threat, its extreme nature, disarmed Miss Turner's belief in it. She smiled up in his face and shook her head, but was content to let the subject pass away in silence. Adam Wynne, totally forgetting his mother's message, began talking of pleasanter things.

Meanwhile Mrs. Wynne's patience was growing exhausted; she hated to keep other people's servants waiting for her pleasure. Her fingers were on the bell to ring for Hewitt, when Karl entered the room, some sealed letters in his hand. A slender man of seven-and-twenty, slightly above the middle height, with pale, clearly-cut features, and a remarkably nice expression of countenance. He had the deeply set, beautiful gray eyes of his brother, but his hair, instead of being black and straight, was brown and wavy. An attractive-looking man, this Karl Wynne.

"I am going out to post these letters," said Karl. "Can I do anything for you in the town, mother?"

"Nothing in the town," replied Mrs. Wynne; and, now that you notice it, her voice was harsh, too. "But you can go and ask your brother why he keeps me waiting. He is behind the shrubbery."

Karl left his letters on the table, traversed the garden and found Adam with Miss Turner. They turned to wait his approach. A half doubt, he knew not wherefore, dawned for the first time on his mind.

"How are you this morning, Rose?" he asked, raising his hat. "Adam, the mother seems vexed; you are keeping her waiting, she says, and she wishes to know the reason of it."

"I forgot all about it!" cried Adam. "Plague take the thorn!"

For just at that moment he had run a thorn into his finger. Karl stayed, laughing and talking with Miss Turner; there was no obligation on him to return forthwith to the house.

"Go back, will you, Karl, and tell the mother I'm sorry I forgot it. I shall be there as soon as you are."

"A genteel way of getting rid of me," thought Karl, with a laugh, as he at once turned to plunge into the wide shrubbery. "Good day to you, Rose."

But when he was fairly beyond their sight, Karl's face became grave as a judge's.

"Surely Adam is not drifting into anything serious in that quarter!" ran his thoughts. "It would never do."

"Well, have you seen Adam?" began Mrs. Wynne, when he entered.

"Yes. He is coming immediately."

"*Coming!*" and she curled her vexed lips. "He ought to *come*. Who is he with, Karl?"

"With Miss Turner."

"What nonsense! Idling about with a senseless child!"

"I suppose it is nothing but nonsense. She—Miss Turner—would scarcely be the right woman in the right place," said Karl, incautiously.

His mother glanced at him sharply.

"In *what* place?—what woman?"

"As Lady Wynne."

Karl had angered his mother before in his life-time, but scarcely ever as now. She turned livid as death, and took up the first thing that came to her hand—a silver inkstand, kept for show, not use—as if she would hurl it at his head.

"How *dare* you, sir, even in supposition, so traduce your brother?"

"I beg your pardon, mother. I spoke without thought."

At that instant Adam came in. He saw that something was amiss. Mrs. Wynne spoke abruptly about the invitation for the evening. Adam said he could go, and she left the room to give, herself, a verbal answer to the waiting servant.

"What was the matter, Karl?"

"The mother was vexed at your staying with Rose Turner instead of coming in. It was nonsense, she said, to be idling about with a senseless child. I—unfortunately, but quite unintentionally—added to her anger by remarking that I supposed it was nonsense, for she would scarcely be suitable for a Lady Wynne."

"Just attend to your own affairs," growled Adam. "Keep yourself in your place!"

Karl looked up with his sweet smile; answering with his frank and gentle voice. They acted like oil upon the troubled waters.

"You know, Adam, that I should never think of interfering with you, or opposing your inclinations. In the wide world there's no one, I think, so anxious as I am for your happiness and welfare."

Adam did know it. And their hands met in true affection. Few brothers loved each other as did Adam and Karl Wynne. Seeing them together thus, they were undoubtedly two fine young men—as their sailor father had once observed to his brother. But Karl, with his nameless air of innate goodness and refinement, looked the greater gentleman.

CHAPTER II.

LUCY CLEEVE.

Lingering under the light of the sweet May moon, arm within arm, their voices hushed, their tread slow, went two individuals, whom few, looking upon, could have failed to mistake for anything but lovers. Lovers they were, in heart, in mind, in thought; with as pure and passionate and ardent a love as ever was felt on this earth, and yet no word to tell of it, had ever been spoken between them.

It was one of those cases where love, all unpremeditated, had grown up, swiftly, surely, silently. Had either of them known that they were drifting into it, they might have had sufficient prudence to separate forthwith, before the danger grew into certainty. For he, the obscure and nearly portionless young soldier, had the sense to see that he would be regarded as no fit match for the daughter of Colonel and the Honorable Mrs. Cleeve; both of high lineage and inordinately proud of it to boot; and she, Lucy Cleeve, knew that, for all her good descent, she was nearly portionless too, and that her future husband, whosoever he might turn out to be, must possess a vast deal more of this world's goods than did Lieutenant Wynne. Ay, and of family also. But there it was; they had drifted into this mutual love unconsciously; each knew that it was for all time, and that, in comparison, "family" and "goods" were to them as nothing.

"And so Miss Blake is back, Lucy?"

The words spoken by Mr. Wynne broke one of those long pauses of delicious silence, that in themselves seem like tastes of heaven. Lucy Cleeve's tones in answer were low and soft as his.

"She came to-day. I hardly knew her."

"About this picnic to-morrow, Lucy. Are you to be allowed to go?"

"Yes, now Theresa's here. Mamma would not have liked to send me without some one from home; and the weather is hardly hot enough for herself to venture. Do—you—go?" she asked, timidly.

"Yes."

There was silence again; each heart beating in unison. The prospect of a whole day together, spent amidst glens and woods and dales, was too much for utterance.

For the past twelve months Lieutenant Wynne's regiment was quartered at Winchester. On his arrival, he had brought with him a letter of introduction to one of the clergy there—a good old man, whose rectory was on the outskirts of the town. The Rev. Mr. Blake and his wife took a great fancy to the young lieutenant, and made much of him.

Living with them at that time was a relative a Miss Blake. This lady was an orphan; she had a small fortune, somewhere between two and three hundred a year, and she stayed sometimes with the Blakes, sometimes with the Cleeves, to whom she and the Blakes were likewise related.

A novel writer has to tell secrets, not always pleasant ones. In this case, it must be disclosed that the one secret wish of Theresa Blake's life, to which her whole energies (in a lady-like way) were directed, was—to get married, and to marry well.

If we could see into the hearts of some other young ladies, and especially when they have left the bloom of youth behind, we might find them filled with the same ardent longing.

Hitherto Miss Blake's hopes had not been realized. She was not foolish enough to marry downright unwisely, and nothing eligible had come in her way. Considering that she was so very sensible a young woman—for good common sense was what Miss Blake prided herself upon—it was very simple of her to take up the notion she did—that the attractive young lieutenant's frequent visits to the rectory were made for her sake. She fell over head and ears in love with him; she thought that his attentions (ordinary attentions in truth, and paid to her as the only young lady of a house where the other inmates were aged) spoke all plainly of his love for her.

Of what are called "flirtations," Theresa Blake had had enough and to spare, but of true love she had hitherto known nothing. She ignored the difference in their years—for there was a difference—and she waited for the time when the young officer should speak out—her income, joined to his, and his pay, would make what she thought they could live very comfortably upon. Love softens difficulties as does nothing else in life; before she knew Karl Wynne Miss Blake would have scorned the notion of taking any man who could not have offered her a thousand a year.

But now, what was Karl Wynne's share in all this? Simply none. He had no more notion that the young lady was in love with him than that old Mrs. Blake. If Miss Blake did not see the years she had come to, he did, and would nearly as soon, as far as age went, have offered to marry his mother. To a young man of twenty-six a woman of thirty-four looks quite old.

And so, in this misapprehension—the one finding fresh food for her hopes day by day, the other at ease in his utter unconsciousness—the summer and winter had passed.

At the close of autumn Miss Blake departed with some friends for the Continent, more particularly to visit Paris and Rome. But it was a long-ago-made engagement, and also that she had so wished to see those renowned places, she would not have torn herself away from the locality that contained Mr. Wynne.

Shortly afterwards the Cleeves returned to Winchester after a long absence. They resided without the town, just beyond Mr. Blake's rectory. Lucy Cleeve had been in the habit of spending nearly as much time at the rectory as at home, and it was from the never-tiring training of him and his good wife that Lucy had learned to be the truly excellent girl she was.

On the very day of her return she and Karl Wynne met, and if it was not exactly love at first sight with them, it was something very like it, for each seemed drawn to the other by that powerful sympathetic attraction that can no more be controlled than explained and accounted for. A few more meetings and they loved for all time, and since then they had gone on living in a dream of happiness.

There they were, pacing together the rectory garden under the warm May moonlight. The rector had been called to a sick parishioner, and they had strolled out with him to the gate. Mrs. Blake, confined to her sofa, was unsuspicious as the day. Lucy, twenty years of age, was looked upon by her as a child still, and the old are apt to forget the sweet beguilements of their long-past youth, and that the young of the present day can be drifting into the same.

"It is very pleasant—quite warm," spoke Mr. Wynne. "Would you like another turn, Lucy?"

They both turned simultaneously, without a word of assent from her, and paced side by side to the gate in a rapture of silence. Lucy quitted him to pluck a spray from the sweet-brier hedge, and then they turned again. The moon went under a cloud.

"Take my arm, Lucy. It is getting quite dark."

She took it, and the night hid the blushes on her transparent cheeks. They were half-way down the walk, and Karl was bending his head to speak to her, his tones low, though their subject was nothing more than the projected party for the morrow, when some one approached the gate from the road, and stood there looking at them.

It was Miss Blake, who had that day returned from her continental excursion and taken up her abode as arranged at Colonel Cleeve's. Whether at the rectory or at Colonel Cleeves Miss Blake paid at the rate of one hundred a year for the accommodation, and then, as she said, she was independent. Her sojourn abroad had not tended to cool one whit of her love for Mr. Wynne, but rather augmented it. She had come home with all her pulses bounding and her heart glowing at the prospect of seeing him again.

But she saw him with some one else. The moon was out again in all her silvery brightness, and Miss Blake had keen eyes. She saw one on his arm to whom he seemed to be whispering, to whose face his own was bent, one younger and fairer than she was—Lucy Cleeve. A certain possibility of what it might mean darted through her mind with a freezing horror that caused her to shiver. But only for a moment. She drove it away as absurd, and opened the gate.

They turned at the sound of her footsteps and loosed arms. Mr. Wynne doffed his hat in salutation, and held out his hand.

"Miss Blake!"

"I came with old John to fetch you, Lucy, wanting to see dear Mrs. Blake," she said in explanation, letting her hand lie in Karl's. "And it is a lovely night."

Coming in to the light of the sitting-room you could see what Miss Blake was like—and Lucy, also, for that matter. Miss Blake was tall, upright, and if there was a fault in her exceedingly well-made figure it was that it was too thin. Her features and complexion were good, her eyes were watchful and had a green tinge, and the hair, originally red, had been converted into a kind of auburn that had more than one shade of color on it.

Altogether, Miss Blake was nice looking, and she invariably dressed well, in the height of any fashion that might prevail. What with her well-preserved face, her large quantity of youthful hair, and her natty attire, she had an idea that she looked years and years less than her real age.

And Lucy? Lucy was a gentle girl with a soft, sweet face—a face of intellect and goodness and sensibility. Her refined features were of the best type, her clear eyes were of a remarkably light brown, the long eyelashes and the hair somewhat darker. By the side of the upright and always self-possessed Miss Blake—I had almost written self-asserting—she looked like a timid, shrinking child. What with Miss Blake's natural height, and the unnatural pyramid of hair on the top of her head, Lucy appeared short. But Lucy was quite of the middle height of woman.

"I wonder—I wonder how much he has seen of Lucy?" thought Miss Blake.

She contrived to gather that the lieutenant had been a tolerably frequent visitor at Colonel Cleeve's during the spring.

"There *cannot* be anything between them! There cannot, surely, be!"

Nevertheless the very thought of it caused her face to grow cold as with a mortal sickness.

"I must put a stop to this," she murmured. "Colonel Cleeve shall see them with his own eyes, and then Karl will find out what he thinks of him as a match for his daughter."

Miss Blake left the room on some trifling pretence, and trying to make herself believe that no other motive or passion prompted her to the step than a conscientious desire to do her duty, she proceeded at once to the colonel's room, to disclose her suspicions to him.

* * * * * *

Colonel Augustus and the Honorable Mrs. Cleeve were very excellent people, as people go; their one prominent characteristic—perhaps some people would rather call it failing—being pride. Colonel Cleeve could claim relationship, near or remote, with three lords and a Scotch duke. Mrs. Cleeve was a peer's daughter. Their only son was in India, with his regiment; their only daughter, introduced and presented but the last year, was intended to make a good marriage, both as regards rank and wealth. They knew what a charming girl she was, and believed she could not fail to be sought. One gentleman, indeed, had asked for her in London; that is, had solicited of the colonel permission to ask for her. Colonel Cleeve thanked him with courtesy, but said that his daughter must not marry beneath her own rank. He and her mother hoped she would be a peeress. It may therefore be judged what was his consternation, when Miss Blake dropped a hint of her observations.

He at once started for the sitting-room, and as he entered the door, he saw enough to confirm the suspicions that Miss Blake had aroused in him. Lucy and Karl, unconscious of his arrival, were at the piano, he bending over her and whispering a request for a favorite song. Her father's unexpected entrance, and the expression on his countenance, somewhat disconcerted the happy lovers, and this feeling was not lessened by the colonel summarily dismissing Lucy by telling her that her mother desired her presence in her room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TO PLACE flowers on exhibition and keep fresh, and to show off to good advantage, get large flakes of moss from logs, and after putting an inch or so of sand in the bottom of a shallow box, lay on this the moss, and thrust into this the flower stems; then by watering occasionally, they keep perfectly fresh for a number of days. Crosses, rings, etc., can be formed in these boxes, and having sprigs of evergreens tacked on the sides of the boxes the effect is beautiful.

IN THE NEST.

Gather them close to your loving heart—
Cradle them on your breast:
They will soon enough leave your brooding care,
Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair—
Little ones in the nest.

Fret not that the children's hearts are gay,
That their restless feet will run;
There may come a time in the by and bye
When you'll sit in your lonely room and sigh
For a sound of childish fun;

When you'll long for a repetition sweet
That sounded through each room,
Or "Mother!" "Mother!" the dear love-calls
That will echo long in the silent halls,
And add to their stately gloom.

There may come a time when you'll long to hear
The eager, boyish tread,
The tuneless whistle, the clear, shrill shout,
The busy bustle in and out,
And pattering overhead.

When the boys and girls are all grown up
And scattered far and wide,
Or gone to the undiscovered shore
Where youth and age come nevermore,
You will miss them from your side.

Then gather them close to your loving heart,
Cradle them on your breast,
They will soon enough leave your brooding care,
Sure enough mount youth's topmost stair—
Little ones in the nest.

HIS SECOND INHERITANCE!

By FREDERICK TALBOT.

CHAPTER XXV.

LEFT IN THE LURCH.

Wilford waited for some time at the hotel, momentarily expecting Petworth's arrival. He had extracted all that interested him from the three-days-old Paris *Figaro* that some charitable traveller had left for the benefit of the public, which was all that the hotel afforded in the shape of literature; and now he began to feel keenly hungry. He had made up his mind to go down to the beach and take a boat for the yacht, leaving Petworth to his fate, when the waiter brought him a note which a man had left for him, and then gone away without waiting for an answer. The envelope bore the armorial device of the Petworth family. Wilford opened it hastily, and read:

"On board the Sylph.

"MY DEAR SIR:—Circumstances have come to my knowledge—in nowise affecting your personal honor—which make it impossible to carry out the proposed matrimonial alliance between yourself and my ward, Olivia. You will therefore see that it is not advisable that she should continue to travel in the same party with you, and although I am sorry to lose the pleasure of your society, I must forego your further company on board the yacht. I shall be happy, as heretofore, to give you any private advice as to the management of your affairs, which experience may suggest, and shall be glad to see you at my chambers in town whenever you like to call. May I also advise you to lose no time in returning to England and calling your creditors together, giving them a full statement of your position?

"Truly yours,

"R. PETWORTH.

P. S. I have sent your portmanteaus on shore by the same boat that carries this."

Westley dropped the letter with an oath—not loud, but deep.

"The double-faced scoundrel!" he said. "The insolent, pettifogging rascal! This is the meaning of all his assumed kindness—his firm promises; and he leaves me here in the lurch, without a word of notice."

"The mails of monsieur have arrived," said the waiter, once more. "Does he propose to make a stay here?"

"No," said Westley. "I shall leave by the next train for Havre."

He felt in his pockets. He had barely enough money to carry him to London, and what he should do when he got there, he did not know. There was no train leaving Beauville before the afternoon. He must perforce stay some hours here. He could not stay in the house; he went out and down to the beach. Even the outer aspect of things seemed to have totally changed within the last half-hour. All the brightness of the morning had gone, and the wind blew chill and keen, whilst the sea was beginning to rise, and a surf was breaking on the shore. The yacht was getting up her anchor, the clink of the windlass sounding sharply over the water; presently she began to move seawards, creeping into the very eye of the wind.

"We are much safer ashore," said a voice behind him, in English. He turned round then, and saw Mrs. Martin, who was also watching the departure of the yacht.

"Ah, Mrs. Brown," he cried, "how are you?" and his conscience reproached him for the moment that he had been so neglectful of her hitherto. She had been very kind to him in Bodley terrace, she was the mother of his *fiancée*, and he never had a thought about her since he had left her rooms. "Pray what brings you here?" he asked. "Have you come to meet Olivia?"

Mrs. Martin shook her head in a mysterious way.

"No," she said. "I know nothing about Olivia. That is Mr. Petworth's yacht, I know. Is she on board?"

"Yes, she is on board. I say, can you throw any light upon the extraordinary treatment I have had to put up with from Petworth?"

Mrs. Martin shook her head again. "No," she said, "I am not in his confidence, but I should think it mattered little to Mr. Wilford of Wilfordhurst how he was treated by such a person."

"I am of Wilfordhurst no longer. I am Wilford *sans terre* and *sans argent*, too."

"Oh, then he has kept you in ignorance of everything, has he?" said Mrs. Martin. "That is just like him. You don't know why he was so anxious to marry you to Olivia, then? You seem to know less about your own affairs, Mr. Wilford, than anyone about you. Don't you know that you will come in for Wilfordhurst again—that your uncle Arthur bought it virtually just before he died, and that it will all pass to you, because he had not provided for it in his will?"

"I can't believe it," cried Wilford. "Such good fortune is impossible. How did the news come to you, whilst I am in ignorance of it all?"

"Through my husband. You called me Mrs. Brown just now, but that is no longer my name. I had been separated from my husband for many, many years, but we have had a reconciliation—we live together now. Well, his name is Martin, and he is a legatee under Mr. Arthur's will."

"Ah, is your husband my uncle's old servant? I know him very well, he is a very worthy fellow; but what has that to do with it?"

"Simply that through your taking all the property, my husband loses his legacy."

"But that shan't be," said Westley. "If I really have come in for this property, I will make that straight. But it 's too much good luck for me—I can't realise it. Just now a pauper without a shilling, and— I say, Mrs. Brown—Martin, I mean—may I kiss you without offence?"

"Kiss me by all means," said Mrs. Martin, offering her cheek for the salute—a proceeding which did not call for any remark in this province of France. Mrs. Martin had a real affection for Wilford, and was delighted at having caused such a change in his means.

"But all this," said Wilford, striking his foot on the sand, "makes Petworth's conduct more inexplicable. Did she know—did Olivia know of this change of fortune?"

"Ah, who can say?" cried Mrs. Martin, shaking her head. "Don't think anything more about Olivia, Mr. Wilford. Petworth was right there—you can never marry her."

"But why? What possible impediment can there be that has cropped up so suddenly?"

"Don't seek to know. Don't endanger your peace of mind by asking. It is all a mystery, that time only can reveal. Don't try to raise the curtain."

But in truth Wilford was too much elated by the news that had come to him to trouble himself about anything. It is easier to find a wife, after all, than an estate of five thousand a year. And if this wonderful news were true, would he be acting wisely in allying himself with the Petworths? Ugh! that Petworth! Even in his friendly moments, Wilford had felt his influence as that of some snake coiled about his neck, with which it behooved him to be friendly, since there was death in its bite, but on which one would joyfully set one's heel if its coils were once unwound.

"Where are you stopping, Mrs. Brown? Come and have some breakfast with me. We will have a bottle of the sparkling syrup they call champagne. Come along! Oh, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Brown, I think I must kiss you again!"

"Don' be foolish, Mr. Westley. I've had my breakfast, thank you, and I've got business to look after. I came here to make some inquiries for a friend, and I haven't half got through them. So no champagne, please."

"Well, as you please. But look here. If you are in the private-inquiry line, I wish you'd make some inquiries for me. Find out who lived in the pavilion by the farm up on the top of the hill there some twenty years ago. I have the most lively recollection of having lived there with a nice motherly nurse, and another person who was rather cross and surly. It is not fancy, I know, because I took Petworth right to the place; and yet I can't call to mind having ever heard that I passed any part of my childhood in France. It was in Italy they always told me I had spent my babyhood, and I had always taken this memory of mine for an Italian reminiscence; and now—well, you know nothing about it, I suppose, Mrs. Brown, and don't bother yourself either. Good-bye, good-bye; we shall meet in town perhaps."

"Oh, Mr. Westley," said Mrs. Martin, "if you want nice rooms in town, please remember us. No. 16 Bessemer-gardens, near the Houses of Parliament, the clubs, the theatres, an Underground station close by, and omnibuses every five minutes."

"Of course I'll come to you, my dear Mrs. Brown."

"You ignore my husband altogether, Mr. Westley."

"A thousand pardons, my dear Mrs. Martin. Yes, I'll put down the address, and your house shall be my head-quarters."

"And any friends of yours?"

"Oh, yes, of course, I'll fill the house with friends; I can now, you know. A little while ago I should have found it hard to fill a sentry-box."

Westley walked off to the hotel in high spirits, and was going to order breakfast, but finding there was *table d'hote* in half an hour, he determined to wait and have it in public. Whilst he was waiting, the *garçon* brought him a packet of letters. "For the English gentleman belonging to the yacht."

Wilford then remembered that Petworth had telegraphed to Cherbourg—which was their original destination—to have letters sent on here. He looked through the packet. They were all for the Petworths except one, which was addressed to him. It was a lawyer-like looking epistle. Perhaps it contained news of the second inheritance.

"These others are not for me," said Wilford, sweeping them contemptuously away. "Keep them till they are called for, I should say."

Wilford read over the letter carefully and then put it down, his face all of a sudden quite white. The letter was from Framlingham, and ran thus:

"MY DEAR SIR: I have addressed this letter to you on board the Sylph yacht, and trust that it may reach you in due course, this being the only chance I have of communicating with you. You may be aware, or perhaps you are purposely kept in ignorance for the time, of the fact that your uncle, Arthur Wilford, died on the afternoon of the very day that he had signed the contract for the purchase of Wilfordhurst, and before he had any time to alter his will, which was entirely in favor of his two nieces. By the unjust operation of a legal technicality, those poor girls are thus ousted from the enjoyment of that which is justly theirs, and reduced to absolute poverty—complete penury; whilst you have, against your uncle's expressed wishes and in defiance of every rule of fairness and justice, become legally entitled to the estate. Mr. Petworth is well aware of this, and, as I have reason to know, purchased, bought up at a low price, nearly the whole of your obligations, expecting to have them paid in full out of your new possessions. He has also instigated an adjudication of bankruptcy against you, with the idea of placing it out of your power to deal in any way with the property till the whole of your liabilities are paid off. Now I appeal to you, as a gentleman and man of honor, if you will take advantage of this legal subtlety and bring your poor cousins to a life-long indigence? I know what the action of another Wilford would have been under similar circumstances. It may not yet be too late to remedy this misfortune. In case you should feel inclined to follow the generous course that would be characteristic of one who bears your name, I enclose a short deed which I have had settled by counsel, reconveying the estate, and renouncing all your rights in it. If you are still abroad, the deed should be executed before a notary public and another witness. As an old friend of the family you will excuse the freedom of this letter, and believe me to be your most obedient,

THOMAS FRAMLINGHAM."

"Upon my word," said Wilford, with a groan, "this is trying me almost too hard!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE OLD TONES.

"I wish Martin had not thought of buying my piano and putting it here," said Audrey with a sigh. The evening fogs have just closed in about Pimlico, the street lamps are beginning to twinkle through the haze. "It was very thoughtful of him, and nice; but still I had rather he had not done it."

"Oh, I don't see that," said Hester, "it is a far better instrument than one could expect to get in a lodging-house."

"I don't like anything that reminds me of former days; and, although it is very foolish to make a fuss about such things, yet whenever I hear you playing in the twilight, as now, I fancy we are back again to the dear old drawing-room. I wonder who is playing there now?"

"The rats and the mice and the spiders and the flies," said Hester. "The house is not occupied yet. I passed it just now. It looks so ghostly with all its bare windows, I could not help looking up at it, and I thought I saw a face looking out at me from one of the upper windows and glaring at me, something like uncle Arthur. Upon my word, Audrey, I don't think I should like to go back to the house again now if we had the chance. I could never pass that room where they put poor uncle without fancying I heard him stumping about inside; and if the handle of the door should turn, I am sure I should go into fits."

"Silly girl!" said Audrey; "as if poor uncle was likely to harm us, dead or alive! I wish he would come back again to put things straight."

At this moment, as if in response to Audrey's wish, a thundering knock was heard at the door below, and presently footsteps on the stairs, coming up quickly and yet feebly.

Hester gave a little scream, and threw herself on the floor behind her sister, holding her round the waist. Even Audrey was somewhat nervous; that footstep was so like her late uncle's. Whoever it was burst into the room unannounced, and then their fears came to an end. It was Framlingham—Framlingham excited and jubilant, holding a paper in his hands, which he waved in the air.

"He has signed, my dears, he has signed. Here is the deed all right, and we'll see you yet the owners of Wilfordhurst."

"Hurrah!" shouted Hester; and she dashed off to the piano, on which she executed a brilliant triumphant fantasia.

Audrey hid her face in her hands, but tears found their way through and trickled down unheeded.

Framlingham, exhausted by his rapid ascent to the second floor, threw himself into an arm chair and gasped for breath.

"Did I not tell you," said Audrey, looking up at last, but keeping her face steadfastly toward the fire,—"did I not judge him rightly, Mr. Framlingham?"

"Yes, yes, I dare say," panted Framlingham. "There is some good in the young man, I daresay."

"*Some* good!" said Audrey, scornfully; "pray when did you ever hear of a renunciation like his?"

"It's often the way," said Framlingham, "with these harumscarum fellows; they'll do a noble action almost without thinking about it. You see he has flung away his future just as lightly as he had flung away his past."

"How dare you talk of him in that way?" said Audrey. "And after what he has done! I call it base—base ingratitude."

"My dear," said Framlingham, "I've lived long enough to find out that the practice of life, whatever the theory may be, is—if you'll excuse my expressing it in vulgar language—the devil take the hindmost; and the spectacle of a man voluntarily resigning himself to the Evil One rather excites my wonder than respect. But for your sakes, my dears; yes, I'll be enthusiastic—I've got my breath again now, and I'll say, "Hurrah for Westley Wilford!"

"Hurrah!" cried Hester again; and this time she dashed into the lively but somewhat hackneyed air of "Malbrook," to the well-known words, "For he's a jolly good fellow."

"Don't," cried Audrey; "don't, it is a profanation; we ought to thank him upon our knees."

"Fancy kneeling down to Westley—how he would be puzzled!" said Hester. "I can picture him pulling his long moustache and blushing, not knowing what to do with us. "Rise, gentle *demoiselles*," he would say; and then he would put out a hand to raise you, which you, before he could prevent you, would cover with kisses."

"Don't mind Hester," said Framlingham, good-naturedly interfering; for he saw that Audrey's heart was full, and that she had difficulty in refraining from tears. "She's one of the scatter-brain sort. Now come, Hester, you must give me some more music—something to soothe one's nerves, lofty and yet inspiring; come, that sonata of Beethoven's."

Framlingham stood at the piano and turned over the music with old-fashioned gallantry; and as the golden sounds filled the room Audrey leant back in her chair, in a sort of ecstasy of thankfulness. It was not only that they would be saved from the rugged thorny career that seemed to lie before them—that was much—but most of all, perhaps, was her joy that Westley proved himself a hero. She was full of joy. The thought that he whom she had enshrined in her heart was a true son of the divine, and not a god of clay, seemed to irradiate her whole being. She cared for nothing else now, could suffer or endure anything, even the seeing him belong to another, cruel as that would be.

"We must not be too jubilant about this matter," said Framlingham when the music had come to an end. "The difficulties are not over yet by a long way. This deed of ours will be disputed

tooth and nail. But we've got something to hold by, and we'll hold fast."

"Who will dispute it," asked Hester, "and on what grounds?"

"Westley's creditors, and Petworth chief of all, whom I most dread. I don't know what hold he has got over Westley, but it is a very strong one, and he has a desperate long purse; and it's a bad fighting against a long purse. But we'll hold fast; yes, we'll hold fast."

"Mind you do hold fast," said Hester, seizing him by the arm as fast as a limpet or a crab or a lobster. "None of the law's delays, mind you, but let us have plenty of money very soon. Here's the summer half gone, and I haven't had anything fit to wear, and haven't been to a single garden-party, or the Horticultural, or anything."

"Well, you have borne it all very well, miss, I must say," replied Framlingham, "but these things require time, time, time. Still, perhaps we may open the purse-strings a little by and by."

"You are a horrid, horrid executor!" cried Hester. "First you find out that we are to have no money at all, and then, when it seems we are to have it, you talk about time, time, time."

"Don't listen to Hester, Mr. Framlingham," said Aubrey; "we have plenty of money to go on with, and we had better live just as we are doing now till everything is settled."

Framlingham presently took his leave, and Hester went to the window to watch him out of the Gardens. She had a passion for mimicry, and took off Framlingham, his shaky walk and feeble jauntiness, with great effect, but she was not yet quite perfect. There was something in the carriage of his shoulders that she still lacked, and that she now wanted to study from the life.

But Framlingham did not make his appearance just yet. In fact he had got into talk with Martin, who was respectfully in attendance to show him to the door.

"Ah, old friend," said Framlingham. "Well, well, I can't help thinking of your poor master when I see you, Martin. Good news for the young ladies, Martin, good news. We shall have everything back again by and by."

"And my little bit of a legacy, sir?" asked Martin, anxiously.

"That will be all right, I expect—oh, yes, not a doubt—in good time, in good time."

"I should like to see the color of the money, sir," said Martin. "But still, I am pleased about the ladies, sir—their good fortune. Get away, you little slut!" he growled angrily to Jane, who had made her appearance in the hall at this moment. "You'll excuse my language, sir, but them gals are so provoking."

"Bear with 'em, Martin, bear with 'em; don't be harsh; a good hard-working girl, I daresay. Come here, Mary, come here; you let me in just now; here is a shilling for you."

Jane made a dart upon the shilling, curtsied hurriedly, and disappeared.

"Ah, you've done it now, Mr. Framlingham!" said Martin, mournfully; "she'll be off on her rigs now."

"What, drink?" asked Framlingham. "surely not, and so young."

"No, not drink, sir, work. She goes mad with work whenever she gets a bit elated. There! what did I say, sir?"

At this moment Jane made her appearance with a large bucket, a mat, a handful of flannel, with which she hurried rapidly upstairs.

"Here, come here, hussy!" shouted Martin.

But the girl took no notice of him, hurrying upstairs, almost borne down by her burden.

"She's going to scour the house down now, sir. Drat it, I shall find my bedroom all of a swim, and me with the rheumatics so bad."

"She's a treasure," cried Framlingham, laughing—"a perfect treasure, old friend. Don't be harsh with her, Martin. She'll be worth her weight in gold by and by."

"Afraid not, sir," said Martin, descending the steps after Framlingham, and looking about him in a melancholic way, as if Bessemer Gardens were not what he had been accustomed to. "She's one of the flighty ones, sir. Good night, sir."

Hester had soon the opportunity of studying Mr. Framlingham's stiff jaunty strides. But presently she called out:

"Wonders will never cease to-night; here's a telegraph boy coming here with a message. I wonder if it is for us. No, it isn't for us; it's for Martin, who is outside there; he's opening it, and looking so cross. I wonder what it can be?"

"Hester, that's the third wonder; do not be so insatiable in your curiosity. What does it matter what telegrams Martin may have?"

"Dear Audrey, I should die here if I did not speculate as to everything that goes on. Now you hear, Martin is coming upstairs to consult you; what is it about, I wonder?"

In fact next moment Martin knocked at the door and entered.

"Excuse my troubling you, Miss Willford, but I've just had a telegraphic message from Mrs. Martin. She ain't coming home for another week, Miss Willford, which I call a great deal too bad, miss, leaving everything to me like this, and that little hussy."

"Oh, we shall do very well, Martin; Jane is very willing, and with a little teaching——"

"That's not all, miss. She says a gentleman just coming home from France is to stop here to-night, and is to have a set of rooms; and nothing ready, Miss Willford; and that infatuated gal hard at work scrubbing down the house."

"Well, you can't take him in then, Martin."

"Oh, I don't know, Miss Willford; one doesn't like to turn a customer away, and the house all but empty and eating its head off, as you may say. There! what's that?"

At this moment a cab stopped suddenly at the door, and a tremendous peal of raps resounded through the house. Martin made as if he would tear his hair.

"Look here, Martin," said Audrey. "If that is the new lodger, you can show him in here till you can get his room ready. Hester and I will clear out for half an hour, and go to our own room."

"Thank you, Miss Wilford. Ah, if you will be so good, it will be such a convenience. Coming! coming! Don't knock the house down, man!" he muttered as he descended the stairs, the impatient cabman having delivered another volley of double knocks.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RUTH ELLIS' EXPERIMENT.

By ELIZABETH ANDREWS.

"Ruth! Ruth! Is everything ready? Almost three o'clock, and the train due in half an hour."

"Yes, yes, mamma; in one minute."

And I look complacently around the large sunny room that from my earliest recollection had been called the "spare chamber," with a pleased smile.

First down upon the pretty carpet of blue and gold, scattered over with wood-mosses and trailing vines, then up at the walls, covered with pearl-tinted paper dotted over with bunches of blue-fringed gentians, tied together with the running strawberry vine, starred with its pretty yellow blooms.

At the bed, with high-rolled head and foot-board of solid mahogany, all so sweet in its fresh white quilt and high square pillows, all so daintily trimmed with snowy ruffles; then at three open windows, two looking south and one west, through which the soft south wind gently waved the pure white muslin curtains, tied back with dainty knots of blue ribbon.

A few vases of flowers placed here and there upon bracket and stand, and the room sweet with the breath of wood-moss, apple-blooms and the sweet honeysuckle.

Then I slowly turned and left the room that, during all the years of my life, had been used only as a guest chamber, but was now to be devoted to the homely uses of a summer boarder.

My father had been a farmer in comfortable circumstances—had kept his horses and carriages and his two farm boys; while in the house, we had our one servant, Ann—as black an Ann as ever lived—and her daughter, Dinah. They had been brought to this place by my mother when she first came here—a proud and happy new-made bride.

We children had received good advantages, while I could play the piano forte with some skill, was familiar with all kinds of fancy work, and had dabbled a little in water colors and oil.

One unfortunate day my father was persuaded into signing notes for a friend in whom he had perfect trust, he awoke to find he had placed his affection upon a broken reed, as his friend absconded just before the notes fell due.

Of course, my father had to mortgage the farm to pay the debt; also to dispose of horses, and carriages, and servants, all but Ann, who clung with such tenacity to our failing fortunes, that my father had not the heart to send her away.

Then brother Will and myself were summoned from school to stop that expense, and also to render what assistance we could.

My dear father fretted himself into his grave in less than six months. My mother, whom adversity completely prostrated, took to her room and loudly bewailed her hard and cruel fate.

Something must be done—that was clear, even to my inexperienced eyes. So without consulting mamma, who, I knew, would fret and worry herself into a perfect fever over the thought, I quietly inserted an advertisement into a city paper, and awaited results.

One morning I was not surprised when Will brought me a letter and said:

"Ruth, be careful that mother don't see this."

I ran quickly to my room, locked the door, hurriedly broke the seal, and read:

"MISS ELLIS:

"DEAR MADAM:—Seeing your advertisement in the *Herald*, I thought you would have just the place to suit me.

"You may therefore look for me on Tuesday next, on the half past-two train east.

"Respectfully yours,

"SALLUST PENCROFT,

"*May* 26, 1878. Boston, Mass."

Of course, I must now consult with Mamma. Therefore, with a sinking of the heart, I entered her room, and found her as usual, lamenting her hard fate.

"Mamma, this will help us," I said, with a lump in my throat, showing her the letter.

After reading it, she raised herself upon her elbow, and said:

"What is this my daughter would do? Oh, Ruth! I had hoped for better things from you."

"But mamma dear, stop. You know that we must have bread and butter; and another thing, you know that Salon Failes is clamoring loudly for his interest money, and we have nothing wherewith to pay him. Oh, mamma! You must consent, for with this money I hope to earn, we can pay interest and keep this dear old home—for awhile, at least. Something must be done, mamma!"

"Ruth, you will break my heart. But go your way; you will see what will come of it."

This was on Tuesday, and everything was in readiness to receive our new boarder. The younger children—Belle, Rob, Claire, and Gracie, were all in clean faces and fresh pinafores.

Will, in all the dignity of his sixteen years, and so pleased with being head manager for his sister Ruth, two years his elder, had arrayed himself in his best and stood leisurely leaning against the gate-post to catch the first glimpse of the expected arrival.

Hearing the whistle, I quickly bathed my face. I could not smooth my hair, as it would persist in falling in tiny rings over my forehead.

I put on a pretty blue print dress, dotted all over with pretty pink apple-blossoms, with dainty white ruffles at the throat and wrists, and finished my toilette with a pretty white apron, daintily trimmed with ruffles.

I heard a quick, firm step upon the walk, and hastily descended the stairs, as I wished to be the first to meet Mr. Pencroft.

Through the open door I catch a glimpse of a tall, well-proportioned man with long black beard, well sprinkled with gray, heavy moustache, and large blue eyes that smile at me.

"Miss Ellis?" he says.

"Yes, sir," I say. "Mr. Pencroft?"

"At your service, madam," he says.

"Please walk in. Would you prefer going to your room now, sir?"

"Yes, thanks."

He follows me up the stairs, and as I throw open the door, he gave a start of surprise, then turned to me with a laugh and said:

"Miss Ellis, I am charmed with my room. I think some good fairy must have told you my predelictions. I am delighted, 'pon my word I am."

"I hope you will be happy here," I say, for I already liked him, there was something so frank and genial about the man I felt at once that we should get on well together.

"Will you have lunch, sir?" I ask.

"No, thanks, I have already dined."

"Tea will be served at six o'clock, sir."

After sending up his boxes, and directing Anna about his bath-room, I hurried to mamma's room and said:

"Oh, dear mamma! he has come, and I like him already. I do hope, mamma, you will like him, too."

"Well, Ruth, you will find your hands full enough caring for him. You know my nerves will not allow me to excite myself about him. Only to think! The family of George Ellis reduced to such straits!"

And she fell back with a sigh.

"Dear mamma, don't fret. I know we shall all like him, much better, I know, than that hard-hearted Salon Failes torturing us for money which we have no means of obtaining. Anything but that."

I therefore had my way, and we soon felt quite at home together.

The summer was now well advanced, and our boarder still remained with us. His mornings were spent in his rooms, but when the western sun glinted down through the vine-covered porch he would come out where mamma and I sat in our low rockers engaged with our needle-work and read to us from some pleasant book, not a few he himself had written, but oftener he would bring his flute and discourse such sweet things upon it as would fairly take away my breath.

I was very happy in those days.

I had but one trouble now, and that was Salon Failes, who had taken to coming to our house evenings of late, and would sit and look at me until my heart was filled with anger.

Looking up, I would sometimes catch an amused expression on Mr. Pencroft's face that would disturb me for hours.

One evening, after the natural enemy of my peace—as I was delighted to style Salon Failes—had made an unusual long visit, I arose, left the parlor, leaving him alone with mamma, stole on tiptoe from the house, and ran down the garden walk out into the orchard, where the moonbeams glinted down through the apple-boughs, making a checkered network of golden lights, through which I slowly walked.

After a while I turn and retrace my steps. Looking, I see through the open window, shadowed against the white curtains, a restless figure moving back and forth, and think, "Can he be unhappy, too?"

Stepping softly upon the verandah, I hear my name spoken in a high, angry voice by Salon Failes. I listen, of course, and hear him saying:

"I tell you what it is, Mrs. Ellis, I must have the money, or take possession immediately. I have waited long enough already. Now, if Miss Ruth chooses to marry me, why then you can all live on here just as you have done. I should have spoken to her to-night about it, but she has chosen to leave. But one thing is certain, Ruth Ellis either marries me, or you find some other home."

My heart stood still for one short minute. I had toiled and planned in vain. The dear old home must go, for I could never marry Salon Failes. How I hated him, coming between me and, and—and yet I felt it would be harder now than ever before to marry one I did not love.

This business might as well be settled now as at any other time, I think at last. So I enter the parlor as quietly as though my blood was not on fire with passion.

"Ah, here she comes herself. Ruth, you are a sensible girl." I bow. "You know I hold a mortgage on all this property. I want a young, good-looking wife. Now, if you will think of my proposition which I am going to make, you will find it for your best interest. If you will marry me your mother, brothers and sisters shall always have a home here."

"I think you very kind, but I do not wish to marry you."

"And why not, pray? I may not be so fine as some, I know, but I can give you all a good home."

"Salon Failes," I cry, passionately, "I am not to be bartered away like any chattel. I have already told you I cannot marry you."

"Can't, hey? We-we-we'll see about that, Miss. Either you marry me, or out you pack, every one of you. Do you hear?"

"Yes, I hear. God is still good. I do not fear you, Salon Failes."

"Oh, Ruth! Ruth! do not anger him. You can save us all so easily, only to marry him. You will learn to be happy after a little."

"Hush, mamma! Never mention this again. I will never marry the ugly wretch, never, mamma!"

"Then out you, go, every one of you! Do you hear?"

"Oh, Ruth! That I should live to see the day that you refuse to do so small a thing as this for your mother. Oh, oh, oh!" she cried.

I could only wring my hands and pray silently for strength. Without warning Mr. Pencroft entered the room, striding directly up to Salon Failes and said to him:

"What's this I hear? Threatening women, eh? Now, sir, what is the amount of your dues?"

"Fifteen thousand dollars!" he snarled, with a hideous grin at me.

"Why do you not allow this family to remain quietly in their old home? Do they not pay their interest promptly?"

"That's nothing to do about it. I want my money or," with another leer at me, "this girl. One or the other I have this day week!"

I raised my eyes to Mr. Pencroft's face, and saw a look there I had never seen before, and which sent a glad glow to my heart. I think he must have seen the gladness in my eyes, for he smiled upon me reassuringly, then turning to Salon Failes said:

"You have threatened defenseless women enough for one night. You will find your hat on the hall table."

"But my money—"

"You shall have your money this day week. Now go!"

And he went, looking at me with a look that chilled my blood, and the memory of which clung to me for days.

Mr. Pencroft, after closing and bolting the door upon my enemy, came over to me where I sat weeping softly to myself.

"Little Ruth, may I care for you? These young shoulders are not strong enough to bear alone life's burdens. I love you very dearly, Ruth, and if you could forget my many years, and love me in return, I think—I hope I could make you happy!"

Little five year-old Gracie speaks:

"Mr. Pencroft, I dess Ruthie does love 'oo some. I seen her tiss your picture once!"

I covered my shame-stained face in confusion.

"God bless you, dear little Gracie!" said he. "Ruth, my love, look up and tell me if 'tis true?"

I looked up shyly, and blushingly replied:

"I am afraid 'tis true!" then I laughed and said: "Naughty Gracie—" and before my lips could utter another word, he had me in his arms, kissing my mouth and calling me his own darling wife.

"Ruth dear," he said at last; "Salon Failes told you, 'either you or your money, this day week;' now I don't want the money, but I do want you; and, Ruthie dear, I am going to have you, too, this day week."

"Oh, don't, don't!" I cried. "Oh, that cruel, wicked man! I am afraid of him."

"You need fear no one with me to love you," he whispered, tenderly. "Shall it be this day week, my Ruth?"

I could not resist the love-light in his eyes, and whispered softly:

"I suppose I will have to yield. I'm afraid you will domineer over me awfully; but I think I'm not afraid."

"Then it is yes? My little Ruth, I thank you thus!" and he again took me in his arms and kissed me on my lips.

That day week, when Salon Failes came for his money, I stood beside my husband in my new traveling suit of seal-brown silk, with hat and gloves to match, as happy a wife as ever lived.

Brother Will threw an old slipper after us as we left the gate, while Ann stood with her large black hand filled with rice to toss at us as we rode by, saying:

"'Deed, honey, I wish you joy! God bless you chile!"

Even mamma for once threw aside her gloomy forebodings, and smiled as we turned a backward glance upon the dear old home my husband had just presented me with as a wedding gift.

To day there are little children's voices heard upon the lawn, engaged in merry strife as to who shall walk with grandma, the choice, of course, falling upon little Ruthie, my counterpart, who can just toddle around. There is also a small edition of a Sallust Pencroft, who rules triumphantly the entire household. I will add that we are all perfectly satisfied with "Ruth Ellis' Experiment."

THE TWIN SISTERS.

"Lucy and Lucilla"—those were the names old Paul Meredith had selected for his twin daughters.

Paul Meredith and his young wife both died before the twin girls had attained their third year.

Lucilla was taken by Miss Patience Meredith, a spinster, Paul's only sister.

"I don't know what to do with you, child," said Miss Meredith, staring at her charge through a pair of spectacles.

"Please love me a little, aunt," pleaded the child; and the words were like an open sesame to the good lady's heart.

As for Lucy, she was sent to Mrs. Morningham's boarding-school, Mrs. Morningham being a distant relative of her mother; and so the girls grew to eighteen, and the story of their lives began in good earnest.

"In love, Lucy?"

"Yes," said Lucy, with carmine roses on her cheek and saucy lights in her eyes; "in love, Lucilla, and engaged, and oh, very, very wretched."

The two girls were sitting clasped in one another's arms in the vine-shadowed bay-window of the little room that Lucy Meredith called especially hers, so alike in the soft luxuriance of their flax gold hair, the shine of their deep-blue eyes, the very dimples in their chins, that you could scarcely have told one from the other.

"Wretched, darling? But I thought true love made one happy."

"And so it ought!" cried Lucy, dashing away her tears with a quick, impatient movement. "But he isn't satisfied with me."

"Then he must be hard to please."

"I don't mean quite that," explained Lucy. "Only—only he's always scolding and criticising because I am not dignified and lady-like enough. Lucilla, tell me how to be dignified."

Lucilla smiled.

"You have not yet spoken his name."

"Marchfield—Gerald Marchfield. Isn't it a pretty name?" cried Lucy, bursting away from her sister's arms, and searching in the dishevelled depths of a little rosewood desk for a photograph. "And look! Isn't he handsome?"

She danced about the room like a little elfin sprite as Lucilla gravely studied the clear lines of the picture.

"Very handsome, indeed!" said she.

"But we've quarrelled," said Lucy.

"Not seriously, dear, I hope."

"Well, not so very, very hopelessly. But he wants me to sit up straight and fold my hands, and talk like a model society young lady. He says I laugh too loud, and forget my dignity, and—"

"But do you think he could be quite satisfied with you, if the mischievous 'Lucy' element were elided from your nature, and you were transformed into a cold, passionless lady?"

"No, I'm sure he wouldn't," nodded Lucy. "And, oh, Lucilla, I've a great mind to try it."

"How do you mean?" asked her sister.

"Dear Lucilla, he don't know you are here. He is coming this afternoon to see what effect his numberless lectures have produced on my demeanor. We are exactly alike. You shall personate me, Lucilla."

"I? No, Lucy, that is asking too much of me."

"But, darling, only think," cried Lucy, showering persuasive kisses and caresses on her sister; "it's a test to determine my happiness. If he really approves of you, you dear, demure little dove-eyed Quakeress, it will be a sign that our engagement had better come to a termination at once, for I shall be quite sure, then, that I never can please him. But if—mind, I don't think it's a bit probable—if he wants the little gipsy back again, oh, how glad I shall be! Won't you, Lucilla? Dear, dear sister, won't you help me just this once?"

Lucilla smiled, herself half captivated by the idea.

"But do you know, Lucy, it is rather a dangerous experiment to try?"

"There are seasons," the little *fiancee* gravely made answer, "when it becomes necessary to resort to extreme measures. And this is one of them. Now, come to my room, and I'll do your hair just as I wear mine, and put on my rings and lockets and fol-de-rols, and you shall be Lucy for awhile."

"But," hesitated Lucilla, "shall we not consult Mrs. Morningham?"

"Consult your grandmother," retorted irreverent Lucy. "What for, I'd like to know? What does she know about a girl's love story? No, we'll consult no one but ourselves."

"I am not certain whether I am right or wrong," pleaded Lucilla.

"It is not necessary for you to have any convictions whatsoever on the subject," argued Lucy. "I am ready to assume all the responsibility. He's to be here at five, and it's past four already."

And Lucilla, formed by nature to be the tool of others, could not but submit.

Five o'clock, and Gerald Marchfield, flinging away his cigar as he stood on the steps, appeared.

Lucilla Meredith's eye took in all this as, with throbbing heart, she watched beside the window.

"Ah, good evening, Mrs. Morningham! Why does not my little Lucy run to meet me, as usual? Not ill, I hope?" questioned Marchfield.

And still Lucilla listened and palpitated, while Mrs. Morningham's prim, carefully-modulated voice made answer:

"As well as usual, sir, I believe; but Miss Meredith thinks too great freedom of manner unbecoming to a young girl, and——"

"Pshaw!" interrupted Mr. Marchfield.

"And," stiffly went on the preceptress, "she has at last, I am happy to say, resolved to act upon your suggestion, and merge the too impulsive gaiety of girlhood with a demeanor more——"

"More fiddlesticks!" thought Gerald. "I've no patience with this rule and plummet system of education, that would make all our women as much alike as a kiln of bricks."

For Mr. Marchfield had just been suffering acutely under the visit of an aunt and two cousins, who were commonplace propriety personified, and he was seeking the society of pretty, naive, Lucy Meredith, as a sort of counter-irritant.

But to his surprise, the pretty figure in blue muslin and curls of shimmering gold, sat in shy state at the end of the room, instead of running up to him and throwing its plump arms around his neck in the usual fashion.

"Have I offended you, Lu?" he asked.

"Offended me! Oh, dear no," was the answer.

"Then," sitting down beside her, "what is the matter? How strange you look, Lucy."

"Strange! Do I?"

"Now don't be playing the stiff and polite on me, love," said Gerald, coaxingly, passing his arm about her waist.

She shrank away like a frightened fawn.

"Please don't, Mr. Marchfield!"

"Lucy, have you ceased to care for me?"

"N-no; but you said I was too girlish—too impulsive, and I thought——"

"My little Lucy," pleaded Gerald, "don't vis t a rash word so severely on a poor fellow. I wouldn't give a fig for a mere animated wax-doll. I want you just as you used to be; I——"

"And you shall have me," cried a sweet, clear voice, and the real Lucy ran out from her covert behind the muslin curtains. "Let go of Lucilla's hand; she isn't me at all."

Gerald Marchfield stared in irrepressible astonishment.

"Are there, then, two Lucys?" he demanded.

"This is Lucilla," said Lucy, her rose-mouth wreathed in dimples, "and I am the little romp; and I'm so glad that you like me the best."

Gerald looked from one to the other.

"So you were putting me to the test," said he, at last.

"Exactly," laughed Lucy.

"But suppose I had preferred the style of this little shy-eyed Madonna, who, I suppose, will be my sister one of these days?"

"Then I should have broken my heart," said Lucy, drooping her eyelashes. "But I should have known it was all for the best. Now, Lucilla, you are to kiss your new brother, and we'll all be the best of friends."

And so, fortunately for all parties, ended Gerald Marchfield's ordeal.

ORIGIN OF THE NATIONAL CELEBRATION.—The idea of a grand national celebration in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence was frequently alluded to in fourth of July orations, and in paragraphs which appeared from time to time in the public newspapers in the various parts of the Union. Among those who were prominent in these newspaper suggestions, may be named John Bigelow, of New York; General Norton and Professor Campbell, of Indiana. The suggestions on the subject of a demonstration befitting the glorious event were reserved for a Philadelphian to make in a formal letter addressed to General Grant, President of the United States, dated July 4, 1869. This person was Colonel M. Richard Muckle, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, who, in the letter spoken of, written on the eve of his departure for Europe in July of that year, designated, very appropriately, the city of Philadelphia as the location where such a celebration should and could be held, with Fairmount Park as the site wherein the prominent acts or features of the celebration or festivities should take place. This, being seven years prior to the time of celebration in 1876, was deemed by many to have been premature, and therefore little attention was given the subject until a later period, when the city authorities moved in the matter.—*American Journalist.*

From the Missouri Republican (St. Louis).

A REMARKABLE PROFESSIONAL SUCCESS.

Among the notable professional men of this country who have achieved extraordinary success is Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y. The prominence which he has attained has been reached through strictly legitimate means, and so far, therefore, he deserves the enviable reputation which he enjoys. This large measure of success is the result of a thorough and careful preparation for his calling, and extensive reading during a long and unusually large practice, which have enabled him to gain high commendation, even from his professional brethren. Devoting his attention to certain specialties of the science he has so carefully investigated, he has been rewarded in a remarkable degree. In these specialties he has become a recognized leader. Not a few of the remedies prescribed by him have, it is said, been adopted and prescribed by physicians in their private practice. His pamphlets and larger works have been received as useful contributions to medical knowledge. He has recently added another, and perhaps more important work, because of more general application, to the list of his published writings. This book, entitled "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," is designed to enter into general circulation. Dr. Pierce has received acknowledgements and honors from many sources, and especially scientific degrees from two of the first medical institutions in the land.

RECEIPTS.

TO eradicate pimples, apply a mixture of one teaspoonful each of gum guaiacum and vinegar.

TEST FOR MUSHROOMS.—Mushrooms may be known by sprinkling a little salt on the inner side, or spongy part. If true mushrooms, they will turn black; if poisonous fungi, they will in a short time turn yellow.

TO REMOVE TATTOO MARKS.—Blister the part with a plaster, a little larger than the mark; then keep the place open with a green ointment for a week; finally, dress it to get it well. As the new skin grows, the tattoo will disappear.

INK STAINS ON WOOD.—If the stains be on mahogany, put a few drops of spirits of nitre in a teaspoonful of water, touch the spot with a feather dipped in the mixture, and on the ink disappearing, rub it over immediately with a rag wetted with cold water, or there will be a white mark which will not be easily effaced. If the stain be on the common deal tables or dressers, or on the boards of floors, the same mixture can be used, but the latter precaution need not be adopted.

PLASTER OF PARIS CAST OF A PERSON'S FACE.—The person must lie on his back, and his hair be tied behind; into each nostril put a conical piece of paper, open at each end to allow of breathing. The face is to be lightly oiled over, and the plaster being properly prepared, is to be poured over the face (taking particular care the eyes are shut) till it is a quarter of an inch thick. In a few minutes the plaster may be removed. In this a mould is to be formed, from which a second cast is to be taken, that will furnish casts exactly like the original.

BLACK SPOTS ON THE FACE.—Little black specks are occasionally observed upon the nose and forehead of some individuals. These specks, when they exist in any number, are a cause of much unsightliness. They are minute corks, if we may use the term, of coagulated lymph, which close the orifices of some of the pores or excalent vessels of the skin. On the skin immediately adjacent to them being pressed with the finger-nails, these bits of coagulated lymph will come from it in a vermicular form. They are vulgarly called "flesh-worms," many persons fancying them to be living creatures. These may be got rid of, and prevented from returning, by washing with tepid water, by proper friction with a towel, and by the application of a little cold cream.

PRESERVATION OF THE HAIR.—When the hair grows scantily, naturally, the following lotion may be used three or four times a week, in the morning: Eau-de-cologne, two ounces; tincture of cantharides, two ounces; oil of rosemary and oil of lavender, of each, ten drops. When the hair has become thin from illness, use the following receipt: Mix equal parts of olive oil and spirits of rosemary, and a few drops of oil of nutmeg, and anoint the head very sparingly before going to bed. When actual baldness is commencing, use the following pomade: Macerate a drachm of powdered cantharides in an ounce of spirits of wine. Shake it well during a fortnight, and then filter. Take ten parts of this tincture, and rub it with ninety parts of cold lard. Add a little essence of bergamot, or any other scent. Rub this pomade well into the head night and morning. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, this application, if continued, will restore the hair. When the hair, after being naturally luxuriant, begins to grow thin, without actually coming out in particles, use the following receipt: Take of extract of yellow Peruvian bark, fifteen grains; extract of rhatany root, eight grains; extract of burdock root and oil of nutmegs (fixed), of each, two drachms; camphor dissolved with spirits of wine, fifteen grains; beef marrow, two ounces; best olive oil, one ounce; citron juice, half a drachm; aromatic essential oil, as much as sufficient to render it fragrant; mix, shake into an ointment. Two drachms of bergamot and a few drops of otto of roses would suffice. This is to be used every morning.

In the past eight years scores of soaps have come into the market, and being worthless, have died a natural death. Doobins' Electric Soap (made by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia), old and reliable, leads the van. Try it.

POSTSCRIPTS.

—18,154 Chinamen came to this country last year.

—One-seventh of all the receipts of the Patent Office is contributed by Connecticut inventors.

—It is proposed to have Cape May only one hour and fifteen minutes from Philadelphia next season.

—A party was given in Nantucket recently to which none were invited except those who could bring a baby along with them.

—The man who is curious to see how the world could get along without him, can find out by sticking a camel's-needle into a mill-pond, and then withdrawing it and looking at the hole.

—They have an unsuccessful American soda fountain at one of the Liverpool bars, but the man on duty does not know how to work it, and the consequence is, everybody gets spattered when he turns the wheel. Besides, the hair oil they use for flavor has an overpowering smell.

—According to an invariable rule among the Piutes, where twin cherubs come to the lodge of one of the tribe, the father of the superfluous compensation is compelled to take charge of the extra pappoose for the first two years of its career. This is the penance that has lately overtaken a noted sweil Indian at Virginia City.

—The Elevated Steam Railway (dummy engines drawing passenger cars on a track elevated on single iron pillars) is now running from the Battery to the Central Park in New York city, about five miles. The distances are accomplished in less than half the time of the horse cars, and the public have got over being alarmed at the unsafe look of the railroad, "standing on one leg."

—The first postage act in the United States was passed in 1792. Every separate sheet of paper, large or small, without reference to weight, was considered a letter, and two or three small pieces in one envelope paid double or triple postage. The lowest rate was six cents to places within thirty miles, eight cents to places within sixty miles, ten cents to places within one hundred miles, and so on up to places within four hundred and fifty miles, the postage then being twenty-five cents. In 1799 a new law was passed changing the rates.

—Among the marvellous things of the century is the growth of ecclesiastical bodies in our country. In 1777 the number of churches was less than 950; by the census of 1870 the number was 72,000. Churches have multiplied nearly 37 fold; population 11 fold. In 1870, religious societies owned $354,000,000 worth of property. A century ago the Congregationalists were largely in advance; Methodists were hardly known by name. Now Methodists are the largest organization in the land. One hundred years ago, the more important religious bodies were reckoned in the following order: Congregationalists, Baptists, Church of England, Presbyterians, Lutherans, German Reformed, Dutch Reformed, and Roman Catholics; in 1870, by Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Roman Catholics, Christians, Lutherans, Congregationalists, and Episcopalians.

—A facetious exchange says: As the Centennial approaches all sorts of devices for saving time and money are in order. With a view of facilitating rapid transit, a Pittsburgh man has invented an apparatus for taking passengers on and putting them off without stopping the trains at way stations. The candidate for a ride to Philadelphia is stood upon a platform, where he waits like a mail bag to be taken in. As the car approaches, a machine like the top of a table, working on an elbow-like joint, reaches out suddenly, strikes the awaiting traveler in the middle, he falls forward on the table, and before he is aware of it the conductor is holding him by the collar while the train clerk goes through his clothes for his ticket or a cash fare. By the time the traveler has recovered his breath he is fifty miles on his journey, and the porter of the parlor car has blackened his boots and dusted his clothes.

Beautify the Skin

By using a harmless toilet preparation known as Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth." It will remove tan, freckles, moth, and all other disfigurements from the skin, leaving it perfectly smooth, clear and beautiful, without showing the slightest trace of its application. For sale by all druggists in the United States.

Depot, 6 Gold Street, New York. Price 75 cents.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
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Saturday Evening, March 4, 1876.

NOTICE.

For the convenience of agents, advertisers, and others having business with this paper, and to enable us to fill all orders promptly, we have established agencies in the following cities:

Chicago—76 *Dearborn St.*,
Walter Burnham, Manager.
Pittsburgh—198 *Penn Ave.*,
C. C. Dunnells, Manager.
Boston—45 *Franklin St.*,
Geo. A. Foxcroft, Jr., Manager.
New York—292 *Broadway*,
F. H. Tinker, Manager.
St. Louis—619 *North Fifth St.*,
J. W. Marsh, Manager.
London, Ont.—71 *West Dundas St.*,
J. M. Chute & Co., Gen. Agents.

REDUCTION IN PRICE.

Our readers will see, by referring to our Prospectus on this page, that we have reduced the price of the POST to $2.00.

We have been contemplating taking this step for some time, but our arrangements were not completed until this week. We have now, we are glad to say, attained so large a circulation that we can afford this reduction better than before; and we are glad, too, that it has happened in the beginning of this, the Centennial year. We want everyone to have the POST *this* year, if they want it, as being the only Family and Literary Paper published in Philadelphia, it will be naturally expected to give the fullest information on the one theme which, above all others, will engross the thoughts and the minds of every American.

By reducing the subscription price *now*, we can increase our circulation more rapidly and more easily than in any other way.

We think we may reasonably cherish this anticipation, in view of the fact that every one of the thousands of readers of the POST has its success at heart, and are constantly sending us expressions of their approbation in such terms as these: "I could not live without it;" "We could not keep house without the dear old POST, which has been taken in the family for the last thirty-five years;" etc., etc.

We have one favor to ask of our many friends and readers. We know and feel assured that they have lost no opportunity to say a good word for the POST, and that they have secured for us many new readers, at much personal trouble and inconvenience. Now, in view of the present reduction in the price, we would ask EVERYONE who reads this to show it to some one else, at least, who has not seen it, and in this way extend the circle to whom the news of the reduction may not otherwise reach.

In these days, when economy is the order of the day, and is even carried into operation in the selection and subscribtion to the various papers taken by a family, we think that a moment's reflection would show that the POST is a marvel of cheapness. Take, for instance, a story by Mrs. Henry Wood. In book form, her stories are published—and bought up eagerly—at a dollar a copy. No doubt they are worth it; and yet we are giving one of the very best she ever wrote, merely as *one feature* of the POST.

In one year, we give our readers at least twenty to twenty-five serials, which, were they published in book form, would readily sell at $1.00 apiece. At the very lowest estimation in fiction alone, simply counting our serials, our readers get in one year, what would cost them, in book form, at least fifteen dollars. And this is not taking into consideration at all, the many useful and instructive departments, such as the Boudoir, Centennial Items, Receipts, Postscripts, Scientific Items, Personalities, and Correspondents' Column. And all this can be had now, at the exceedingly cheap price of $2.00.

At this price, of course, we shall not be able to give away a chromo to every subscriber, for we have put the price down to about the cost of the paper alone; but we will mail, carefully put up and at our risk, to all such subscribers who want the chromo, a copy of "De Soto," *post-paid*, for twenty-five cents; or a copy of the same, elegantly *mounted* on canvas, *post-paid*, for fifty cents. This offer, of course, is *only* to regular yearly subscribers.

At the request of most of our oldest and best agents, we have postponed the Gold Premiums until May 1, 1876. We have extended the time as above, because these agents say they can double their lists at the reduced rate of $2.00, without the slightest difficulty. The winter has, as we all know, been so hard and disagreeable that the agents have been able to do but little, and they assure us they are certain they can do more between now and the opening of the Centennial Exhibition, than they have done all winter.

As some of our subscribers who have paid $3.00 for the POST may feel inclined to grumble at this heavy reduction, we make them the following liberal offer:

All subscribers who have paid in the full and regular price, and not sent in through clubs, may send in the name of *one* new subscriber at $1.00 for an entire year's subscription to the POST—with chromo, $1.25; or with chromo, mounted, $1.50.

HOUSEHOLD CONVENIENCIES A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

In speaking of the comparative comfort and conveniencies enjoyed by our ancestors in their homes of a hundred years ago with those of their descendants of this generation, Dr. Nichols, in the Boston *Journal of Commerce*, says our Fathers were groping in almost utter darkness, so far as a knowledge of the sciences were concerned, and but little progress had been made in invention and the arts; scarcely one of the modern contrivances for cooking and for warming and lighting dwellings, was known. Not a pound of coal or a cubic foot of illuminating gas had been burned in the country. No iron stoves were used, and no contrivances for economizing heat were employed until Dr. Franklin invented the iron frame fire-place, which still bears his name. All the cooking and warming in town and country were done by the aid of fire kindled upon the brick hearth, or in the brick oven. Pine knots or tallow candles furnished the light for the long evenings, and sanded floors supplied the place of rugs and carpets. The water used for household purposes was drawn from deep wells by the creaking "sweep," and it is a curious circumstance that the well was often at a long distance from the house. In a cold night in winter, to be called to it was something dreadful to think of. No form of pump was used in this country, so far as we learn, until after the commencement of the present century. There were no friction matches in the early days, by the aid of which a fire could be easily kindled; and if the fire went out on the hearth over night, and the tinder was damp, so that the spark would not 'catch,' the alternative remained of wading through the snow a mile or so, to borrow a brand of a neighbor. Only one room in any house was warmed, unless some of the family were ill; in all the rest the temperature was at zero during many nights in winter. The men and women of a hundred years ago, undressed and retired to their beds at night in an atmosphere colder than that of our modern barns and woodsheds, and they never complained. No hot hair furnaces or steam-pipes tempered the wintry air in their dwellings, and they slept soundly in the cold, even after eating heartily of shagbarks or butternuts, and then washing them down with a quart or two of hard cider. The cooking was very simple, and the nature of the food plain and substantial. But few dishes were seen upon the table; pork and cabbage, corn bread and milk, with "bean porridge," were the every day forms of food consumed.

LET US HELP ONE ANOTHER.

This little sentence should be written on every heart and stamped on every memory. It should be the golden rule practiced not only in every household, but throught the world. By helping one another we not only remove thorns from the pathway and anxiety from the mind, but we feel a sense of pleasure in our own hearts, knowing we are doing a duty to a fellow creature. A helping hand, or an encouraging word, is no loss to us, yet it is a benefit to others. Who has not felt the power of this little sentence? Who has not needed the encouragement and aid of a kind friend? How soothing, when perplexed with some task that is mysterious and burthensome, to feel a gentle hand on the shoulder and to hear a kind voice whispering, "Do not feel discouraged. I see your trouble—let me help you." What a strength is inspired, what hope created, what sweet gratitude is felt, and the great difficulty is dissolved as dew beneath the sunshine. Yes, let us help one another by endeavoring to strengthen and encourage the weak and lifting the burden of care from the weary and oppressed, that life may glide smoothly on and the fount of bitterness yield sweet water; and He, whose willing hand is ever ready to aid us, will reward our humble endeavors, and every good deed will be as "bread cast upon the waters to return after many days," if not to us, to those we love.

A PERFECT HOSTESS.

The art of entertaining company successfully is well worth cultivating, and should engross much of the attention of our ladies.

The pleasures of society depend more upon females than others.

Gentleman expect to be entertained; children are out of the question, and, therefore, it rests upon women what society should be.

The pleasure of an evening's entertainment, therefore, is graduated by the capacity of the hostess to interest her visitors in each other, and make them forget their own identity, or to be lost in the effort to make every one at ease.

That is the great secret of true enjoyment.

Some ladies will enter a drawing-room or a social circle, where every person's neighbor appears like an iceberg, and the atmosphere is chilly and constrained, and by their genial nature and well-timed playfulness, throw sunshine and warmth all over the room, till all commingle in that easy yet dignified cordiality that ever characterizes true gentility.

As a lady aptly expressed it, the hostess is the key-note, and upon her depends the concord of sweet sounds and their sweetest melody.

Your truly elegant woman is naturally an excellent hostess, and contrives to surround her guests with her own "atmosphere."

HOME is the residence not merely of the body but of the heart; it is a place for the affections to unfold and develop themselves, for children to play in, for husband and wife to toil smilingly together and make life a blessing. The object of all ambition should be to be happy at home, if we are not happy elsewhere; it is the best proof of the virtues of a family circle to see a happy fireside.

EVERY one who takes an interest in the Centennial needs a newspaper published in the Centennial city. To all such we recommend the SATURDAY EVENING POST. It has a host of splendid contributors, and gives splendid premiums.—*Journal*, Quincy, Florida, Jan. 14, 1876.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, the only paper of the kind published in the Centennial City, Philadelphia, comes to us filled with choice literary productions, making it a paper that should be found in every family.—*Journal*, Manchester, Vermont, Feb. 21, 1876.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICE!

THE CHEAPEST!

THE OLDEST AND THE BEST!

OUR PROSPECTUS FOR 1876.

This, the Centennial Year of our National Independence, will see the POST enter upon the **Fifty-sixth** Year of its existence as a Family Paper.

The POST has ever avoided the sensational and unhealthy class of literature, preferring rather to approve itself the Family Paper *par excellence* of the refined and cultivated, than to pander to the depraved and vitiated. It may be welcomed to every home circle with the certainty that its pages will never contain anything that the purest and the most refined imagination could by any possibility cavil at, or that parents would desire to keep from the attention of their children.

Our corps of contributors has never been stronger nor ever contained the names of so many popular and distinguished authors as at present.

Three to four continued stories will be published constantly, a new story commencing about every third or fourth week, so that new readers can always get the beginning of a story of the newsdealers or of us. Back numbers can always be had, containing the commencement of every story.

We shall publish at once—

A NEW STORY by COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM, author of "The Boy Wrecker."
A NEW CENTENNIAL STORY by CHAS. MORRIS, ESQ.
A NEW STORY by H. RENAN, author of "One Life's Mystery."
A NEW STORY by MISS M. E. BRADDON, author of "Lady Audley's Secret."
ANOTHER NEW STORY by MRS. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne."

and others which we shall announce from time to time.

In addition to these Serials, which will be all First-Class, the purest and the most unexceptionable in every way, we shall publish Serials, Sketches, Essays, Poems, etc., written by such well known and favorite writers as—

MRS. HESTER A. BENEDICT, MARGERY LAIRD, MISS A. H. WHARTON, OLIVE BELL, MARGARET EARLE, ANNA MORRIS, AUBREY FORRESTIER, CHARLES MCKNIGHT, ESQ., COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM, CAPT. CHAS. HOWARD, CAPT. CARNES, LIEUT. H. D. SMITH, U. S. R. M., MAURICE EGAN, FANNIE A. STALL ALDEN, MRS. MARY A. DENISON, VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND, AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, MARY E WOODSON, MILLIE W. CARPENTER, CLIO STANLEY, HENRY T. WILLIAMS, EDEN REXFORD, CHAS. B. CARLISLE, REV. DR BADGER, REV. ALEX. REED, D.D., JAMES VICK.

Each number of the POST is filled with the choicest literature, including—

Sketches, Poetry, Essays, Scientific Notes, Receipts, Agricultural Items, Fashion Articles, Floral Department, Children's Department.

The Correspondence Department and the Receipts are each alone well worth more than double the cost of the subscription price.

OUR CENTENNIAL DEPARTMENT.

To this, during the present year, we are devoting our utmost energies to make it one of the greatest interest and information to all our readers. Through the courtesy of the different Official Departments of the Centennial Commission we are enabled to give each week the most reliable and the very latest items of interest connected with this the all-absorbing topic of the times. So soon as the Centennial Exhibition shall have opened, we shall give each week the fullest details, feeling assured that such will be eagerly read by thousands who will be glad to preserve, in a condensed and readable form, an epitome of the grandest World's Fair that will ever have taken place. No pains and no expense will be spared by us to make this Department a most attractive and interesting feature of the POST. Illustrations of all the principal buildings and of other notable localities which from their historical interest deserve to be noticed more prominently will be given.

A SPLENDID PREMIUM TO SUBSCRIBERS!

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This is the largest chromo ever given by a paper, being 19 by 25 inches. For richness of color and for artistic finish it far surpasses any chromo in the market. This magnificent picture, copied by SPECIAL permission of the Government from the celebrated painting in the dome of the National Capitol at Washington, has been made solely and expressly for subscribers to the SATURDAY EVENING POST. No one can possibly get it except they subscribe to this paper.

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Good Agents Wanted

in all sections of the United States, to whom liberal commissions will be paid in addition to our

Twenty Gold Premiums

of from $5 up to $100 for the Twenty Largest Lists sent in before May 1st, 1876.

The SATURDAY EVENING POST being the *only* Family, Literary and Fashion Paper published in the Centennial City, agents have no trouble in getting hundreds of subscribers in every town and county. Agents are now making **$50** per week. We give exclusive territory. Samples and circulars free to agents.

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LOVE VERSUS GOLD.

Windows hung with soft draperies of Turkey red, walls of crimson flock paper, starred over with gold, and a little walnut stand of books opposite—Mrs. Milford's parlor was a cabinet gem in its way. Not that the Milfords were rich. On the contrary, Merton Milford was a bank clerk, on a salary so small that it sometimes became an almost insolable problem to make both ends meet.

Almost, we say, but never quite; for Lucy Milford had learned the lesson of household economy, and it was her pride to be able to say that they never had been in debt. Yet Lucy had a woman's taste, and a woman's cravings, and a woman's innocent longing after the beautiful and costly; and on this especial evening, as she sat in an easy chair, leaning one cheek on her hand, and her foot mechanically agitating the rocker of the baby's cradle, she was thinking of the possible—the unattainable.

"If we were only rich," thought Lucy to herself, as she glanced across the room. "How I would like a pair of bronzes on yonder mantel instead of those ugly, stiff little vases that Aunt Betsey gave me for a wedding present. How I would like a Persian-patterned carpet, instead of this staring red and green ingrain—"

Bang went the front door.

"It's Merton," said Mrs. Milford, getting up; and Merton it was.

"Hallo, puss!" said Merton, coming in flushed and breathless. "And how's the little kitten?"

"Kitty is well," said Mrs. Milford. "Shall I order supper?"

"Yes."

As she was going, Mrs. Milford looked her husband in the face.

"Merton," said she, "something has happened; I can read it in your eyes. What is it?"

He burst into a laugh.

"What a little fortune-teller you are, to be sure," said he. "Yes, something has happened. I've got a telegram from Fortley, and old Uncle Jesse is dying."

"Uncle Jesse, the rich old miser?"

"Uncle Jesse, the rich old miser. Wirt telegraphs me that his last will, made in a fit of pique against the directors of the Fortley Orphan Asylum, leaves everything to us!"

"To us, Merton?" Lucy drew her breath with a little gasping sound.—"Why, it must be half a million of dollars!"

"That at least. We shall be rich people, puss."

"Oh, Merton, it scarcely seems possible. It's like a dream."

"It's a dream that has a pretty solid vein of reality running through it, you'll find, my dear," said her husband.

"And just before you came in I was sitting here and thinking what I would do, and how I could ornament my home if only we were rich," cried Lucy, clapping her hands.

"Half a million, Lucy," said he. "You shall have a set of diamonds that will rival those of Mrs. Merriwill, and a real cashmere shawl. And I'll order a pony phaeton for your own driving, and—"

"But we shall buy a country place, shan't we, Merton?" wistfully asked Lucy.

"A country place?" said Milford. "Nonsense, my dear, nonsense. The city is the place to live in."

"And we can have papa and mamma to live with us, can't we?"

"W—well, I don't exactly know about that," said Milford, thoughtfully, stroking his moustache. "I'll buy them a snug little place, if you say so, my love; but I never did believe in fathers and mothers-in-law living with their children. Every household is complete in itself. That's my notion."

"Oh, Merton, how can you talk so?" cried Lucy, with a pained face.

"Oh, well, Lucy, there's no use in sentimentalising on these points," said her husband.

"I've always thought so much of having mamma with me."

"Better leave off thinking about it then," said Milford, lighting a cigar and leaning back in his chair, the better to enjoy it.

"I suppose I can have as many servants as I please now," hazarded Mrs. Milford, wisely steering the conversational barque away from the shoals of dispute.

"Twenty, if you like, my dear," replied Merton.

"And a housekeeper like Mrs. Miller's?"

"Not a housekeeper," said Mr. Milford. "As many servants as are necessary—but no one to domineer over them, a proxy for yourself."

"Am I to have nothing at all to say?" cried Lucy.

"Oh, yes; but there's no use in being unreasonable."

"And can we have a cottage at Long Branch?"

"Why do you say Long Branch?" gravely questioned Merton. "To my mind Cape May is far preferable."

"I don't care for Cape May," replied Lucy, moodily; "the air never did agree with me."

"It seems to me that you are determined to be satisfied with nothing that pleases me."

"Oh, Merton, don't speak so to me!" said Lucy, in tears.

Mr. Milford got up and strode out of the room.

Lucy cried bitterly. In all the bright years of their married life they never had had any serious differences until now.

He came home late, but Mrs. Milford feigned to be asleep. She did not come down to breakfast the next morning, making an excuse of a slight headache, the remains of last night's tears, and Milford ate and drank alone.

"Humph!" commented he, swallowing his coffee in a succession of dyspeptic-breeding gulps. "A pretty sort of life, this!"

For three days Lucy cried, and Merton sulked. At the end of that time he came home with a curious expression on his face.

"I've just had a second telegram. Uncle Jesse is dead."

"Poor old man," said Lucy, soberly. "Do you know, Merton, I begin to doubt whether Uncle Jesse's money will do us any good."

"I don't think it will," he said. "Because, you see, the old gentleman made a new will in favor of the Refuge for Old Men."

"I am glad of it," said Lucy.

"And I don't know that I am sorry," said Milford, half laughing. "Because, if the reverse of the old adage holds true, and love flies out of the window when riches come in at the door, I say let's draw the bolt against riches."

Lucy's tearful kiss sealed his words.

CENTENNIAL NEWS.

A DISPATCH from Naples says that a large quantity of coral and other goods will be sent from that city to the Centennial Exhibition.

WORTH, the famous man-*modiste* of Paris, declines to exhibit. He says all distinguished ladies who attend the exhibition will represent his house.

THE London firm who have the restaurants on the line of all railways in England will have at the Centennial a genuine London bar in operation, with a bevy of pretty blonde bar-maids in attendance.

THE statement that the Great Eastern is being refitted to run between Liverpool and Philadelphia during the Centennial is officially denied. The steamer is in dry-dock for necessary repairs, and her owners have no intention of leasing her for trans-Atlantic service.

A BOSTON manufacturer of soda-water fountains is having prepared a three-story building of wood and glass on the Centennial grounds. There will be a square tower on each corner of the building, and an octagonal one rising from the centre to a height of ninety-one feet.

IT is understood that the price of board in Philadelphia during the coming Centennial Exposition will be from $2.50 to $5.00 per day. Blocks of houses are being erected to be fitted up temporarily for the accommodation of visitors, and afterwards to be finished into tenement houses.

A NATIONAL effort is being made by the colored people of this country to erect a monument in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, and unveil the same on the Fourth of July, in the presence of representatives of every civilized land in the world, in honor of the emancipation of the colored race.

IT is expected that the finest display of fireworks ever seen in the United States will take place on the evening of the 10th of May, in honor of the opening of the Exposition. The site selected is directly opposite the Main building, outside the Park. Preparations for this great display are now being made. The city, it is asserted, will pay the expense.

FROM China we learn that arrangements have been making for a representation of her most attractive industries in the Exhibition at Philadelphia. All the space assigned to that country, 7,500 feet in the Main Building, will be occupied, chiefly with those beautiful objects of native manufacture which foreigners usually most admire. We may expect a rich display of silks, crapes, porcelain, lacquer, embroidered screens, ivory and sandalwood carvings, bronzes, soapstone and horn work, Tientsin figures, cloisonne enamels, and the like.

AN architectural plan of the City of Mexico will be exhibited at the Centennial. The dimensions are 330 feet from north to south, and 231 from east to west. This model city will be peopled by sixty thousand human figures of good size, made of lead, representing men of various fashionable national costumes, ladies elegantly dressed, besides types from the common people. There will be no less than nineteen hundred coaches and an equal number of other vehicles, besides artillery pieces mounted on carts. Among the buildings visible will be the grand cathedral, the principal Catholic churches, the mint, offices of the railroads, the school of fine arts, the Hotel Iturbide, and others.

SO many separate buildings for all sorts of purposes are to be erected on the Centennial grounds in Fairmount Park, that it has been truly remarked that a stroll among them without entering any will be a day's entertainment. A late Virginia newspaper says that a visit to the Centennial will amount to a liberal education, and though the expression seems to be exaggerated it is true as applied to the untraveled public; that is to such as can afford to stay here long enough to see the whole Exposition thoroughly. A week will hardly suffice for this, and the weariness consequent upon standing and walking so much will have to be overcome, as in Vienna, by the use of bath-chairs. In fact the multitude of houses will make the Exposition a village in itself.

A SHORT distance from the Main Exhibition building the Government of Sweden has erected a schoolhouse similar to those used in that country. As it has the name and object prominently displayed it attracts much attention from visitors. It has a steep overhanging roof, which presents a picturesque appearance, and is finished in an elaborate and ornamental manner. The entire building has been constructed of wood, and was brought from Sweden in parts ready to be fitted together upon reaching the grounds. The boards are bevelled and joined in such skilful manner that not a nail is visible from the exterior. The doorways and window-frames are of a unique pattern, which harmonizes with the rest of the building.

ONE of the most instructive and interesting sights to be witnessed at present upon the Centennial Exhibition grounds is the construction of the Japanese building, which is being pushed rapidly forward by native workmen. Of these latter there are about fifteen, who steadily pursue their labor day after day in the presence of great crowds of people, who watch them with much curiosity. They have already erected a small temporary building, in which they eat and sleep, while the other structure is progressing favorably. Each workman is clad in a dark blue blouse bearing upon the back a large circular badge with Japanese characters denoting that he is a servant of the great Mikado. The lower limbs are encased in dark blue "tights" of native cloth, and upon their feet the men wear a species of cloth sandal which enables them to climb like cats. They are quite skilful in their own peculiar manner, and put the timbers (which are all mortised and dovetailed) together with great rapidity. Their saws, which they use with a peculiar knack, resemble butchers' cleavers with notched edges. As soon as the weather will permit a force of men will be placed at work upon their garden, which will cover about one and a half acres, and will contain many rare and curious Japanese plants.

THE buildings for the British Commission, now in course of erection, will stand on the northwestern portion of the Centennial grounds, between Machinery Hall and George's Hill. The larger building, which will cover an area of about 5,000 superficial feet, will be for the use of the officers of the British Commission and the commissions from Canada and the many British colonies throughout the world. The smaller one, which has an area of 1,200 feet, will be used as the residence of the staff of the British portions of the Exhibition. The buildings are designed in the picturesque half-timbered style of architecture so much in vogue during the sixteenth century, which meets the necessity of rapid and inexpensive construction, and is particularly appropriate as being essentially English, embodying as it thoroughly does the homeliness of the English character. The walls will be of half timber-work, with lath and rough-cast plaster between, the base being of red brick coped with stone. Plain red tiles with tile ridging, hips, and finials brought from England cover the roof, which is surmounted by stacks of tall red brick chimneys. The windows are to be glazed in lead quarries, and the opening casements will be of wrought iron. The rooms will be finished in paneling dados, the walls above hung with English paper, the wood-work will be stained and varnished, and the furniture throughout will be in harmony with the style adopted.

THE British Commission to the Centennial Exhibition has had prepared a statement showing that the British exhibit is in an advanced stage of preparation. Several mechanics and foremen of laborers were to have left England soon after the statement was published, and a detachment of non-commissioned officers of the Royal Engineers were to follow at an early day. These will be succeeded by a picked body from the active and retired list of members of the Metropolitan police, who will act as guards in charge of the British exhibit. The Royal Engineers will be detailed to allot the space to be severally occupied by the exhibitors. The Executive Commissioners will enter on their duties at Philadelphia at early dates. Messrs. Galloway & Sons, of Manchester, have contributed three boilers to the British section, and a fine boiler house has been erected for their reception. The exhibition of carpets will be very fine, notwithstanding the rumor that the manufacturers had determined to abstain. Woolens will be well represented and most of the leading silk manufacturers will likewise contribute. There will also be a full exhibit of curtains, printing, paper making, optical and scientific instruments, musical instruments, clocks, watches, fire-arms, coaches, house and church furniture, needles, linens, glass, china, textile machines, printing presses, stone-dressing machines, the various processes of sugar making and confectionery, sewing machines, armor plates, models in miscellaneous and railway engineering, etc. The Indian Court will occupy a prominent position in the main avenue of the Main Exhibition Building, and instead of being a mere museum of curiosities, as in former exhibitions, it will fully illustrate the great industrial resources of the country. An interesting collection of curiosities has also been made, including some objects of great historical interest which have never been displayed at any previous exhibitions. Dr. Forbes Watson, the reporter on the products of India, and a well-known authority on Indian industries, will superintend the preliminary arrangements.

ELLA.

BY LISBETH O. ARGUIN.

CHAPTER III.

Altogether, poor Ella found that her path in life was at this time anything but a smooth or pleasant one. She tried to be good, to be obedient to her step-mother, and to be kind and obliging to her two step-sisters. She made almond-cakes for Sophia-Matilda, picked up the stitches which the Baroness dropped whenever she attempted to knit, and darned Jemima-Anne's stockings, but for all these little services she received but scant thanks or courtesy, and whenever she happened to do the least thing wrong, she got terribly scolded. In short, she was not appreciated.

Now it is certainly a very hard thing not to be appreciated; to have all one's good qualities looked at, as it were, through the wrong end of a telescope, and all one's bad qualities put under a microscope.

Ella felt it to be very hard, and sometimes she was inclined to say to herself that it was no use at all trying to be good, since no one gave her any credit for it, and she might just as well give it up as a bad job, and be, in truth, as naughty and tiresome and stupid as everybody said she was.

This was, of course, when she was really in a very naughty mood, for nothing can be so bad as not caring whether we are good or not. But at these times, when she was miserable and despairing, fretted and worried, as it seemed to her, beyond endurance, she would wander out into the woods and tell her troubles to her old companions, the birds. She had been very staunch in her friendship for them, and had faithfully kept her promise of loving them best, not having had, truth to tell, any strong temptation to do otherwise.

They need not have been jealous, had they known, of sisters Sophia-Matilda and Jemima-Anne. No, they would surely have been glad for their little friend Ella's sake, had the sisters given them more cause for jealousy. They were often quite grieved to see how unhappy Ella was, and did all they could, in their simple bird fashion, to cheer and console her. They would listen, their heads perched a little on one side, to all that Ella had to tell them, with most sympathizing attention. And they were as good confidants as it was possible to have, for while they took everything in, they repeated nothing, and made no mischief. Little birds, we are told, whisper many things, but we may be quite sure of this—that they are a great deal too wise and too honorable to tell other folks' secrets.

During the first winter after the arrival of the Baroness and her daughters at the castle, a new tie bound Ella and her feathered friends yet more firmly together than before, and that was the tie of a common persecution. One day, when the snow lay deep upon the ground, the Baroness found Ella at an open window surrounded by her pets, who were feeding out of her hand.

"What does all this mean?" asked the lady, angrily. "Do you want to give me my death of cold? Shut the window, child. Send all those creatures away."

Ella prepared to obey, so far as shutting the window went.

"Go out, my darlings," she said, "and I will come and feed you in the garden."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," said the Baroness. "What are you giving them—bread? I won't have such waste and extravagance. Where did you steal the bread from?"

"I didn't steal it," returned Ella, hotly. "I've always fed them ever since I can remember, and they would die all through the cold, hard winter if I didn't."

"Then let them die," said the Baroness—"nasty destructive things that eat the fruit. I shall have them all shot."

"Oh! my birds, my precious sweet birds!" cried the girl in an agony; "you surely wouldn't do that."

"Well," said the Baroness, softening a little, "anyhow, I won't have the bread wasted on them. Your papa is always complaining of the money that's spent, and there's my dressmaker's bill yet to come in."

"These few poor little crumbs won't make much difference, surely," said Ella, pleadingly.

"Crumbs, indeed!" returned her step-mother; "now you are adding a falsehood to improve matters! How dare you call those great lumps of bread crumbs?"

Ella looked abashed, and was silent. She had certainly not meant to say what was not true; she had only, in her eagerness, exaggerated a little, forgetting, as we are all so apt to do, that exaggeration is falsehood after all.

"I tell you what," the Baroness went on, "if you want to feed those creatures, you may give them your own breakfast, and go without yourself. Not a bit of anything else shall you have."

"Very well," said Ella.

So, after this, the girl used to divide the little loaf that was given her for her breakfast into two portions, a large one and a small one. The small one was for herself, and the larger one for her *protegés*. And if the birds sometimes went hungry on these cold, frosty mornings, so did our heroine.

Ella used to feel more sorry for her pets than for herself, and would often sit down and cry when they would come flocking about her in glad expectation of a meal, and were obliged to content themselves with a few sorry scraps.

But the birds would do what they could to console her. A pair of ring-doves, whom she specially cared for, would come and coo round her and whisper, "We love you! we love you!" Robin Redbreast, as he picked up his crumbs, would say, "Come, cheer up! come, cheer up! come, cheer up!" and the poetical linnet would compose little stanzas appropriate to the occasion, sometimes tender and melancholy, sometimes resolute and inspiriting.

And at last the winter passed away, and the budding, tender spring came, with its thousand pleasant sights and sounds, to cheer the hearts of all the world.

As the spring advanced it became evident to Ella that the house was in an unusual state of ferment and excitement. The Baroness and her daughters were closeted together now and again for an hour at a time in deep conversation. The Baroness was more than usually amiable to her step-daughter. The brow of the Baron on the other hand looked dark. Tradesmen were perpetually calling at the castle door and leaving there boxes and baskets of various shapes and sizes. The Baroness was continually making expeditions to the nearest market town.

At length the mystery was solved.

There was to be a grand ball at a neighboring castle, which had long been unoccupied, but the owner had lately returned to it, and was about to celebrate the event by a series of merry-makings. Among other gay doings was to be this ball, which the Prince Hyanmitydurando—young, handsome, unmarried, and heir to all his father's vast dominions—had promised to grace with his presence.

The Baron and his family had received an invitation also, so no wonder the ladies were excited.

There is always found to be something extremely exhilarating in the atmosphere of royalty. Even the side view of a closely-shut carriage in which some royal person is reclining, or the whizzing past of an express train which has the honor of conveying a crowned, or possibly-may-be-one-day-crowned head, is enough to stir up thousands of people to enthusiasm. But what are such poor enjoyments to the glory and delight of being asked to meet a royal highness at a ball, to breathe the same air, to tread the same floor, to dance, it maybe, in the same set, to be chosen perhaps—oh! crowning thought of joy—as his partner!

There really was some excuse to be made for the Baroness and her daughters.

As soon as the secret had oozed out, it may easily be imagined that there was little else talked of in the castle but the expected delights of this grand entertainment—that is to say, except in the presence of the Baron, doubtless because the ladies did not think that his taste in millinery would be worth consulting, or there might have been other reasons, we cannot tell.

But in Ella's presence no such reserve was shown, and the probable results of the ball were freely discussed by the two sisters.

"I shall no doubt meet that dear Count Top-of-the-Tree," said Sophia-Matilda, clasping her hands together in ecstacy. "He cannot fail to admire me in my yellow gauze."

"Yes, I daresay," returned Jemima-Anne, languidly. "For my part, I shall look at no one but the Prince himself—naturally."

"Umph!" said her sister, rather snappishly. "The question is, my dear, whether he will as naturally look at you."

"And pray why shouldn't he?" asked Jemima.

"Oh! my dear! *really*," Sophia-Matilda giggled. "A cat may look at a king, you know," she said, "so I don't see why a king shouldn't—shouldn't look at a——" She hesitated.

"For shame!" said Jemima-Anne, sharply.

For neither in their little nest did these sisters always agree.

"How I should like to go!" said Ella, one day, when they were talking in this way.

"You!" laughed both the sisters. "That is a pretty notion. If you went, do you think the Prince would be likely to look at you, eh?"

"No," said Ella, blushing furiously. "I should never have thought of such a thing. But I should like to have just a peep at the beautiful rooms, and the gay dresses, and the dancing—and oh! how I should like to dance myself—just for once! Don't you"—after a pause, a sudden longing desire coming over her—"don't you think you could persuade mamma to take me, too?"

At this, you may be sure, Sophia-Matilda and Jemima-Anne laughed more than ever.

"A chit of a child like you!" said Sophia-Matilda.

"I'm seventeen, almost—though you do make me wear my frocks so short," said poor Ella.

"Such a grub as you are, never fit to be seen!" said Jemima-Anne.

"I should look smart if I had fine clothes like you, and sat at dainty wool-work all day, sister Jemima!"

"No, you wouldn't; not for two minutes together," returned that young lady. "And so you want to be running after the Prince, do you? Perhaps you think he'll fall in love with you, and marry you, eh?"

"A fine Princess you'd make, wouldn't you?" laughed Sophia-Matilda. "Let's hear how it sounds—Princess Ella—what a joke!"

"Pshaw!" said Jemima, "that isn't half fine enough. Princesses, you know, always have beautiful long names, like ours, two or three tacked on to one another. I think we might call you Princess Cinder-Ella, because you look just like a little dirty kitchen-maid."

At this Ella began to cry.

"I think you are very unkind," she said.

"Never mind, Cinder-Ella," said Sophia-Matilda, "when I marry the Prince you shall come and be my waiting-lady."

"You, indeed," retorted Jemima. "I like that. I don't mind giving up Count Top-of-the-Tree to you, but I'm going to marry the Prince, let me tell you."

"No, you ain't."

"Yes, I am."

"No, you ain't."

"I tell you I am."

And so they went on for an hour, and never got any nearer settling the point as to which was to be the Prince's bride.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CYPHER TELEGRAM!

By CHARLES MORRIS.

[This story was commenced in No. 20, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED.)

The decided statement of the detective excited a wave of astonishment in the room. Several rose to their feet, and Mr. Benton—who at that moment entered, and walked with a weak, unsteady step to a chair—cried in surprise:

"On what evidence do you base such an opinion? Mr. Browning is a gentleman, and one of the highest probity."

"And all here are his friends," said the officer, in an apologetic manner. "I am sorry to have been forced to speak so, but duty stands with me before even my desire not to wound your feelings."

"I have heard nothing but a charge," said the lawyer. "A charge is nothing till proven. What are your proofs?"

"We need not repeat the evidence concerning the quarrel," said the loquacious detective. "It is admitted that there was a quarrel, and that both parties were violent. Next an insulting letter comes from the operator to Mr. Browning. This, it now appears, was a forgery, and that some third party was interested in bringing the two angry men together. Such is the look of the matter on its face."

"It does begin to have a different look," said Mr. Smith, his eyes riveted on the face of the officer.

"As to who wrote that letter I venture to say that Mr. Browning best knows," continued the speaker. "That there was a third party I am satisfied. This deepens the plot, but it does not clear your friend of the dark suspicion that hangs over him. He leaves home doubly armed to meet a person who never carried weapons. This lad is evidence that George Downey had a natural shrinking from violence, and a strong dread of weapons. Was not that your testimony, boy?"

"No, I didn't say that," the lad earnestly replied; "I only said he was more skeery about a pistol than a rat is about a trap."

"That is the same thing," said Mr. Fogg, with a decisive wave of his hand. "Well, we come now to the ground. The amount of blood spilled is more than any man could lose and live. Murder has been committed. The man I accuse drew his pistol. It was wrenched from him and thrown into the swamp. I defy any man, without a distortion of circumstances, to give as reasonable a theory. He next used his heavy, loaded cane, with what effect I need not say."

"I repeat that this is all bare assertion!" cried Mr. Benton, with much indignation.

"If such a blow was made the cane must bear some trace of it," said the officer. "A man's skull cannot be fractured without marking the instrument. Here is the weapon. I ask you all to examine it with this pocket microscope, and decide if the facts do not bear me out."

The cane was passed round from hand to hand, and closely examined. They all acknowledged, with much display of feeling and surprise, that an indentation was plainly visible.

"But not sufficient to substantiate your charge," said Mr. Benton.

"Quite deep, enough, sir," replied the officer, mildly. "I am used to examining such marks, and know what a loaded cane can do. I am not done yet. What is your theory concerning the use of the boat?"

"For my part I decline to present any theory," said Mr. Wellington Smith. "I much prefer to hear yours."

"You imagine it was used to dispose of the body?"

"Yes," replied the lawyer.

"Allow me to remark that I have evidence to the contrary," said the officer. "I have a person in waiting whom I beg leave to introduce."

He gave the boy directions where to find this new witness. He went out, and in a short time returned with a young man. This person was well-built and good looking, of some twenty-five years of age. He was at once recognized by several present as the telegraph operator at Melton, the nearest town to Dover.

"Take a seat, Mr. Sedley, and be kind enough to tell these gentlemen what you know about the disappearance of Mr. William Browning and Mr. George Downey," said detective Fogg, with increased importance of manner.

All present fixed their eyes with renewed interest on the new witness, who continued to stand, despite the gracious invitation of the officer.

"I know very little about it," he said. "There is but one fact of which I have knowledge. But this I agree with Mr. Fogg, is of some importance. I would have related it sooner, but have been absent from my office for the last week, and did not know of what had happened."

"No matter, sir; no matter. No better time than the present," said the officer, impatiently.

"Proceed, Mr. Sedley. We are anxious to hear your story," said the lawyer.

Mr. Benton turned uneasily in his chair, and fixed his eyes upon the new witness.

"On the night in question," he said, "I was detained at my office until twelve o'clock. The midnight hour struck as I closed my door and went to the newspaper office with a press despatch that had just come over the wires. On returning I was crossing the street towards my residence, when a carriage turned the corner near me so suddenly that I had to leap out of the way of the horses. It was driven furiously. There was a street lamp burning at this corner, and its light shone into the carriage as it passed. I naturally glanced in, and saw, to my great astonishment, the face of a man whom I well knew, none other than my fellow operator, George Downey."

A decided stir took place among the listeners to this announcement. Mr. Benton half rose from his chair and fixed his eyes, as if fascinated, upon the speaker.

THE DETECTIVE WAS CAREFULLY MEASURING THE SEVERAL FOOT-MARKS.

"Are you sure of this?" exclaimed the lawyer.

"Yes, I knew him well," was the answer.

"What was his appearance?" asked the officer.

"He was stretched out in the carriage, his head resting upon the cushions. I noticed particularly the deathly pallor of his face. He may, as Mr. Fogg thinks, have been indeed dead, but it did not strike me so."

"Did you notice any movement of his features?" asked the lawyer.

"No. They passed too quickly. I think his eyes were open. I only know that I was impressed with his extreme pallor, but did not imagine that it was the hue of death."

"Weren't there nobody else in the kerridge?" cried the boy, who had been too intensely excited by this relation to longer keep silence.

"Yes, there were two men. But I did not see their faces."

"What were their attitudes?" asked Mr. Brown.

"One of them seemed to have his arm around Mr. Downey's neck."

"Was that all you saw? Was there nothing peculiar that might aid your memory?"

Instead of replying the witness looked toward Mr. Fogg.

"There was something," said the latter person, "which Mr. Sedley has confided to me. It may prove of the greatest importance, but only if it is kept an entire secret. I have advised him, for the present, not to mention this circumstance. With proper caution it may lead to a conviction of the guilty party."

This announcement added greatly to the interest of those present, Mr. Benton in particular seemed affected by it. He appeared earnestly desirous to unfold the dark mystery surrounding his relative.

A few more questions were asked, eliciting the fact that the witness had not recognized the carriage. It was an open, two-seated vehicle, drawn by a pair of dark, possibly black horses. He thought that there was no separate driver, but that one of the two men drove.

The opinions of the company were taken upon this matter, with the decision that the detective should use every means available to learn to whom the carriage belonged, who had out such a vehicle on that night, and all obtainable circumstances connected with it.

Mr. Benton, who had listened in silence to this debate, now spoke.

"I am sorry to see," he said, "that you all appear ready to change your views on what seems to me very imperfect evidence. I am too deeply concerned in the fair fame of Mr. Browning, to so easily accept new ideas. It seems to me doubtful that Mr. Sedley could be so sure of a man's face in such a midnight glimpse. And then his belief is that the man he saw was living. But setting that aside, I have a few more words to say. I have watched the progress of this investigation, and, without any fault to find with Mr. Fogg, I do not think it has been complete. The slight indentation in the cane may have been there previously. There has not been sufficient search for other weapons, or for those slight traces of human action on which murders often turn. What would be the natural impulse of a man who had used a murderous weapon?"

"To conceal it," cried Mr. Smith.

"And how would it most easily have been concealed in this case?"

"By throwing it overboard," cried the boy. "I'll go my head that it's in the bottom of the creek, and here goes for it."

With a quick bound, he sprang across the room, and disappeared through the door.

"The boy has the right spirit," said Mr. Benton. "If the spot of the murder be searched in that spirit, and the point where the boat landed be more determinedly looked for, I doubt not we may gain some important clue."

"If the carriage in question left the road and approached the water, the track of its wheels may remain yet in the soft ground," said Lawyer Brown. "These tracks should be closely sought for."

A light broke into the detective's eyes at these words, but he took no prominent part in the discussion that ensued.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DITCHER'S EVIDENCE.

Joseph Sedley, the operator at Melton, left the lawyer's office and proceeded leisurely down the street. He had left a substitute at his instrument and was in no haste to return.

The station at Dover had been supplied with a new operator since the disappearance of Downey. This person was a stranger to Mr. Sedley. He had obtained the position principally through the influence of Mr. Harvey Benton, though this fact was not generally known.

The Melton operator, however, dropped in to see him, and, with the freemasonry of the profession, soon struck up an acquaintance.

Their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a person with a message to send.

Sedley looked up carelessly at this person, but his eyes immediately became fixed upon his face. The other seemed to feel the close glance, and turned toward him. His face at once lit up with a look of recognition.

"Joe Sedley, or I don't know a ben from a handsaw!" he cried, excitedly. "By Jupiter, old fellow, but this is a surprise. What queer wind has picked you up and dropped you down here?"

"I came in the orthodox fashion, by the powers of steam and muscle," said Sedley, warmly shaking the extended hand of the other. "But you, whom I left last in the wilds of Arkansas, what under the sun has brought Jack——"

"There, there," was the quick reply, interrupting Sedley. "Come along, Joe. Come up to my room. I want to have a long talk with you."

Taking him by the arm, he almost pulled him by force out of the office. Arrived outside, he said, in a lower tone:

"Don't call me by that name. That was only a travelling title with me, and I have good reason to want it dropped here."

"And what name are you wearing now?"

"My original title, John Milton Lovelace."

"I never heard it before. It is your original, eh? Your first appearance on any stage?"

"Yes; my first character on the stage of the world."

"Come, come, Jack; that won't do. It sounds much more like a title for a poster."

"Hang you, Joe, did I ever stretch yarn with you? My respected ancestors, for generations back, were Lovelaces. I was christened after an old cove you might have heard of. He didn't write plays, so he hasn't come much within the circle of my reading."

"Yes; I know who John Milton was, but I'm a donkey if I can swallow you under that cognomen."

"Come along, Joe. I must have a chat with you. Call me Jack Bunsby now, or anything else that will suit you better. Come to my room. 'I will a tale unfold——'"

"Drop that, Jack. You are not on the boards, now. Forge ahead, I am anxious to hear what's up."

"And I to learn what favoring gale from the far west picked up wandering Joe Sedley and let him fall in this dead-and-alive quarter of creation."

"I can soon settle that. You know I was always a stick on the boards, and a fellow in love with a quiet life. I am a telegraph operator now at Melton. I have a girl that I am half in love with. I live in a sweet little cottage covered with roses. There are no better peas in the country than grow on my vines. Come and take tea with a quiet householder any time you like. You shall taste a salad of my own raising."

Lovelace laughed merrily, and with an incredulous look, led the way to the inn, in which he had taken a room.

Meanwhile, the plans decided upon at the meeting were being actively put into operation. Detective Fogg, accompanied by two or three of the members of the meeting who were at leisure, proceeded down the stream towards the spot at which the boat had been found.

The messenger boy, or, to call him by his more distinctive title, Tim Sparks, was already at work upon another point. He had been strongly impressed with the idea that the real weapon with which the crime had been committed was not yet found. Why might it not have been thrown into the creek?

There was but one way to find out, and he pressed a dozen urchins into his service to aid him in his search. The air had the balmy warmth of June, the water was tempered to summer mildness, and the whole affair was far more of a frolic than a serious matter to any of the boys but Tim.

They were soon paddling in the water, dressed in Nature's livery, diving and groping on the bottom for the possible instrument of death that might lie buried 'neath that smooth stream.

We will leave them there, and follow the detective and his party. They drove down the Melton road until about three miles below Dover. Here, leaving the vehicle, they proceeded toward the creek. It was here somewhat wider than at Dover, and ran eastward straight and deep. The banks and fields surrounding were principally of level meadow land. Here and there were large trees, and an occasional grove, or clump of bushes, diversified the scene.

It was some distance below here that the boat was found, and they proceeded leisurely down the stream, closely examining every indication as they did so, and particularly looking for any faint track of wheels in the grass and soft soil of the meadows.

Their search, however, seemed likely to prove profitless. Spreading out into an extended line, so that they covered the space between the road and the creek, they walked slowly onward, their eyes fixed on the ground, examining every indentation in the soil with the keenest attention.

They now came to a stretch of lower lands, where the fields had been ditched till they were covered with a network of muddy water-courses.

It was very evident that no carriage had passed over that ground. They gathered into a knot here, and entered into an earnest conversation upon the probabilities.

There was a countryman who had been occupied at ditching close by, and who now leaned upon his spade, regarding with curious eyes the strange actions of the gentlemen.

They were near enough for him to gather some words of their conversation, which he took in with an awkward eagerness that attracted the attention of the detective.

"Well, my good fellow," said the latter, in a patronizing tone, "you have a heavy job here."

"Yes, a bit heavy," answered the rustic, in a country patois.

"I suppose you are out late and early."

"From sun to sun, which is a big day's work this time of year."

"I see you've made some deep cuts across the fields. It would not be easy to run a carriage down that road, eh?"

"Well, it's my notion not," answered the ditcher, with a hoarse laugh. "I'm afeard the hind wheels mought stick. You hain't an idee, now, that a kerridge has been down this way?"

"Why do you ask? Have you seen any?" the detective innocently answered.

"Me? I rayther guess not. What for would any man bring a kerridge to the water hereaways?"

"I don't say any man has. But nobody knows what prowlers might be up to," and detective Fogg turned away, as if to walk to his companions, who were standing at some distance.

"There aren't many night prowlers around here," said the ditcher, leaning heavily upon his spade, and inclined to keep up the conversation. "We're quiet people, that keep good hours. We do a hard day's work, and have a long night's sleep. I hain't been woke up at night for a month, 'cept 'tother night, which you put me in mind of by talking about a kerridge."

"How was that?" asked the detective, partly turning toward the speaker.

"I got a start about the middle of the night from some noise outside. I turned over so that I could look into the road, and there stood a kerridge drawed up by the fence. There weren't much in that, but I seed some queer kind of stir about it, two or three men kind of hustling like. It was pretty dark, and I couldn't make it out clear."

"Were the men lifting something into the carriage, or was there a struggle going on?" asked one of the others, who had overheard these remarks.

"I couldn't say sure. There was a sharp stir, and something like a groan. It was just about over when I looked up, and the next minit the men jumped into the kerridge and druv off."

"What night was this?"

"I can't say just. About a week back, I reckon."

By this time the whole party were gathered around listening intently to his words.

"Where do you live?" asked the officer, carelessly, winking at the others as a hint not to make their interest too apparent.

"In the frame shanty you see just up the road there."

"And the carriage stood in the road above it?"

"Just so! What's up? Anything wrong? I heerd talk about some trouble up at Dover."

"There are two men missing: That's all we know out of the way," said the officer, turning and walking away.

The rustic watched them with curious eyes as they proceeded across the fields toward the point he had indicated. He shook his head doubtingly, as he saw them approach the spot and stop in eager consultation.

They next seemed to be eagerly examining the roadside and the fields leading down to the stream. Spreading out, and with eyes fixed on the ground, they slowly approached the water, seemingly intent on discovering some hidden story in the grass.

Reaching the creek, they examined its borders closely, and then gathered again in consultation, as if at a loss. The aroused curiosity of the observer could stand it no longer. Leaving his spade in the mud by the ditch-side, he strode heavily across the fields towards them.

"What mought you be looking after, if it ain't too bold in me to ask?" he said, on coming up. "Mebbe my eyes mought help out yourn a bit."

Detective Fogg shrugged his shoulders and turned disdainfully away, smiling as if amused with the idea of this heavy-headed rustic competing with his trained senses.

"We are seeking what we are not likely to find," said the gentleman who had spoken before, thinking that this man's powers of observation might possibly be better developed than theirs. "We are trying to discover marks of men's footsteps made more than a week ago."

"You didn't s'pose to find them in that grass?" remarked the ditcher, with a rude smile. "A week ago, hey? There mought be some track in the mud yet, for there hain't been no rain this week, and it'd be kind of baked. Have you tried the water-side?"

"Yes. But the grass here runs down to the sandy edge. There are no marks."

"Let me get a pair of country eyes on it."

They watched the ditcher with anxious gaze, as he proceeded to the edge of the creek. Arrived there, he stood erect and looked back toward the road, apparently considering the probable direction that a party would take to reach the location of the carriage. He next looked out upon the water, and up and down the banks, studying their details closely.

"There was a boat?" he asked, turning toward the others. "They come ashore here, and went up the field?"

"That is our idea," answered the former speaker.

"They wouldn't come ashore just at this spot. The bottom slopes. They'd ground six feet out. Yonder's the spot, in my notion."

He turned and walked about a hundred feet up the bank, passing a thick clump of alder bushes that grew down to the water's edge.

Arrived there, he stooped over the bank and examined its appearance with Indian-like intentness, slowly moving in a westward direction.

In this way he proceeded for a considerable distance without any discovery. A thicket of blackberry briars stopped his course here, and he turned to retrace his steps. Hardly had he done so ere a quick exclamation from his lips drew them all toward him.

He was on his knees when they came up, carefully lifting up a long bunch of meadow grass that hung down over the clayey slope that formed the water's edge.

Looking up triumphantly, he pointed to a long, narrow indulation in the soil.

"A man's boot made that," he briefly said. "A dressy sort of man, not used to mud-hopping. He fell down here, but mighty quick got up again."

"How do you make all that out of a scratch in the mud?"

"Can't you see that the man's foot slipped? Here's his toe mark. His boot slipped back in the mud and he tumbled down. There's the crack where he struck his other toe in; and see here where he grabbed the grass to save himself. There's the bunch of dead grass now that he pulled up. He jumped right up again, and his heel went into the mud. Do you see the mark there? That's no countryman's clod-smasher, but a gent's high-heeled boot."

"Very well analyzed," cried the gentleman, in admiration. "Can you make out anything else? The mud is flattened out in several places."

"But the water's been over it. I should say that yonder mark was made by a wider boot than this here one. It's slipped, too; but I can't see what right it has to slip on a flat of hard mud. Howsomdever, I've my idea."

"Let us have your idea, then, and be done with it," said Fogg, curtly, vexed to find the rustic taking his vocation out of his hands.

"My idee is that there was a hustle here as well as at the kerridge. The feller behind has give the feller in front a lick in the back with his fist. He's slipped a bit, and 'tother's slipped worse and gone down."

This shrewd analysis of a few faint marks by one so heavy and unpromising looking, strongly took their attention. They felt that his life in the fields had adapted him to close observation of such signs, and the more they examined the marks and discussed the subject, the more they agreed with him in opinion.

While the detective was carefully measuring the breadth of the several foot marks, and the size and depth of the heel stamp in the hardened mud, and one of the gentlemen took down the measurement, the ditcher walked stolidly away.

"What would you say that white thing was, hanging in the blackberries yander?" he remarked, as he took a short, discolored pipe from his pocket, and proceeded to leisurely fill it.

"A piece of newspaper," answered one of the gentlemen.

"I rayther guess not," he remarked, kindling a match, and lighting his pipe with a few quick puffs. He now walked slowly to the bushes, and with some difficulty extracted the article from the clinging briers.

"A pocket-bankerchief," he remarked; "or I dunno the differ between swamp grass and thistles."

"A handkerchief?" cried the gentlemen, as they all gathered round this new point of interest.

"Yes, and a bloody one. Do you see them red spots?" The rustic held out the small square of linen with a look of horror on his face.

Detective Fogg snatched it from him, and closely examined it.

"J. L.," he said, pointing to two letters in the corner, and flashing an eager glance round the circle, "Who is J. L?"

"What is the name of that stranger who is putting up at the hotel, and whom there were some suspicions of?"

"John Milton Lovelace!" cried the officer. "By Jupiter, the game's opening. It is the initials, with the M. dropped."

A dozen emotions were expressed on the faces of those present, as they looked at each other, and at the silent evidence of crime, with staring, horror-stricken eyes. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE PREDOMINANT LANGUAGE.

Dr. John A. Weisse, of New York, in a recent lecture at the Cooper Institute, on the "Origin, Progress and Destiny of the English Language," maintained that at no distant period it will become universal. Besides citing the excellencies and capacities of the language itself, and its room for improvements, which the speaker suggested, he presented some curious statistics and advanced certain linguistic theories, which we pass without comment. In support of the view that the English language will become universal, Dr. Weisse said that it is now spoken by active, energetic people, in every part of the world, and of all races. It commands most of the world's mechanical skill, and most of its political, moral and social and religious influence. Wherever English has been planted it has taken strong root, and borne abundant fruit. How the language has spread is shown in the following proximate if not exact statements: One-fourth of the habitable area of the world is governed by English-speaking people; and this fourth of the world supports one-fifth of its inhabitants. Of the commercial navy of the world over one-third, and of the war navy one-fifth belong to the English-speaking races, including nearly two-thirds of the tonnage. Over one-half of the railroads, nearly one-half the telegraph wires, and the ocean cables almost entirely are controlled by the speakers of English. Of the letters despatched by post from 1868 to 1871 inclusive, over one-half were by the mail service of the United States, Great Britain and her dependencies. One-half the maritime commerce of the world, as shown by import and export tables, is in the hands of the speakers of the English language, and they expend over one-fourth of the money expended for governing the world. Of course calculations of this kind can not pretend to accuracy in all points, but they have show enough of probability to demonstrate the wide diffusion and the potential influence of the language of the United States and Great Britain.

"WHAT'S POETRY?"

BY WARD ERNEST SMITH.

A wordy knot whose thought is wrought
From out the deepest mine
Of all our stores of human lore,
Entangled every line;

In such a net of fine words set,
We cannot go between
The raveled rels of Fancy's lays:
That's Verse!
Whose sense remains unseen.

With greatest art to not impart
The slightest gleam of light,
The words do chime in stated time,
Which makes it dark as night

To all but rhymes and jingling chimes,
To which all must give way,
We meet the storm in music's form:
That's Rhyme!
Obscuring every ray.

Now well used such, with skillful touch,
The heart's emotions swell
With mysterious sense of an immense
Idea you cannot tell,

Or yet quite see what it can be,
Or where the beauties lie;
But yet they're there, you are aware:
That? that's
Poetry—*in your eye.*

—*Danbury News.*

THE SPECTRAL CONDOR.

A Story of the South Sea.

By CAPTAIN MAYNE REID

CHAPTER XLIX.—[CONTINUED.]

Spectre or not, the vessel is standing towards them—straight towards them—coming on at a rate of speed that soon brings her abreast the islet. She has seen their signal—no doubt of that. If there were, it is before long set at rest. For while they are watching her, she draws opposite the opening in the reef; then lets sheets loose; and, squaring her after-yards, is instantly hove to.

Down drops a boat from the davits; as it strikes the water, men seem swarming over the side into it. Then the plash of oars, their wet blades glinting in the sun; as the boat is rowed through the reef-passage. Impelled by strong arms, it soon crosses the stretch of calm water, and shoots up into the cove. Beaching it, the crew spring out on the pebbly strand—some not waiting till it is drawn up, but dashing breast-deep into the surf. There are nearly twenty, all stalwart fellows, with big beards—some in sailor garb, but most red-shirted, belted, bristling with bowie-knives and pistols; wearing tall boots, with trousers tucked in at their tops—the costume of the California gold digger.

Two are different from the rest—in the uniform of naval officers, with caps gold-banded. These, though the youngest, seem to command, being the first to leap out of the boat; soon as on shore, drawing their swords, and advancing at the head of the others.

All this observed by the four Spaniards, who are still around the signal-staff, like it, standing fixed, though not altogether motionless; for they are shaking with fear. Their thoughts, hitherto given to the supernatural, are not less so now. Even more, those of Gomez and Hernandez. Incomprehensible to them the Condor being afloat, but to behold among the men who have just come out of her two they well know. For in the officers leading, De Lara and Calderon recognize their detested rivals in love—the same who made smash of their monte bank!

For some moments De Lara stands in sullen silence, with eyes dilated. He has watched the beaching of the boat, and the landing of her crew. Recognising the officers, he clutches Calderon by the arm. Now more vividly than ever is their crime recalled, for now its punishment is near. There is no chance to escape it. To resist will only be to hasten their doom—sure to be death. They do not think of resistance, nor yet flight; but remain upon the hill-top, cowering and speechless. Calderon is the first to break silence, frantically exclaiming:

"The officers of the English frigate! Mystery of mysteries! What does it mean?"

"No mystery," rejoins De Lara, addressing himself to the other three; "none whatever. I see it all now, clear as the sun at noonday. Blew has been traitor to us, as I suspected all along. He and Davis have not scuttled the barque, but left her to go drifting about; and the frigate to which these officers belong has come across, picked her up—and lo! they are there!"

"That's it, no doubt," says Velarde, otherwise Diaz. "But those rough fellows with them don't appear to be men-of-war's men, nor sailors of any kind; more like gold-diggers—the same as crowd the streets of San Francisco. They must have come thence."

"It matters not what they are, or where from. Enough that they're here, and we in their power."

At this Diaz, and Padilla, now known as Rafael Rocas, step towards the cliff's edge to have a look below, leaving the other two by the staff.

"What do you suppose they'll do to us?" asks Calderon of De Lara. "Do you think they'll—"

"Shoot or hang us?" interrupts De Lara; "that's what you'd say. I don't think anything about it. One or other they'll do to a certainty."

"Is there no chance of escaping?" piteously exclaims the ex-ganadero.

"None whatever. No use our trying to get away from them. There's nowhere we could conceal ourselves; not a spot to give us shelter for a single hour. For my part I don't intend to stir from here. Yes; I shall go down to them, and meet death like a man. No; like a tiger. Before dying, I shall defend myself. Are you good to do the same? Are you game for it?"

"I don't comprehend you," answers Calderon. "Who would you fight against?"

"Whomsoever I can. Two for certain."

"Which two?"

"Crozier and Carmen. You may do as you please. I've marked out my pair, and mean to have their lives before yielding up my own—here, if I can't his. She shan't live to triumph over me."

While speaking, the desperado has taken out his revolver, and holding it at half cock, spins the cylinder round, to see that all the six chambers are loaded, with the caps on the nipples. Sure of this, he returns it to its holster; and then glances at his *machete*, hanging on his left hip. All this with a cool carefulness which shows him determined upon his hellish purpose. Calderon, quailing at the thought of it, endeavors to dissuade him, urging that, after all, they may be only made prisoners, and leniently dealt with. He is cut short by De Lara crying out:

"You may stifle in a prison, if it so please you. After what's happened, that is not the destiny for me. I prefer death and vengeance."

"Better life and vengeance," cries Rocas, coming up, Diaz along with him, both in breathless haste. "Quick, comrades!" he continues; "follow me! I'll find a way to save the first, and maybe get the last, sooner than you expected."

"It's no use, Rafael," argues De Lara, misunderstanding the speech of the seal-hunter. "If we attempt flight, they'll only shoot us down the sooner. Where could we flee to?"

"Come on; I'll show you where. Have courage! Don't stand hesitating; every second counts now. If we can but get there in time—"

"Get where?"

"To the boat."

On hearing the words, De Lara utters an exclamation of joy. They apprise him of a plan which may not only get him out of danger, but give revenge, sweet as ever fell to the lot of mortal man.

He hesitates no longer, but hastens after the seal-hunter, who, with the other two, has already started towards the brow of the cliff. But not to stay there; for in a few seconds after, they are descending it—not through the gorge by which they came up, but another, also debouching into the bay.

Little dream the English officers, or the brave men who have landed with them, of the peril impending. If the scheme of the seal-hunter succeed, theirs will be a pitiful fate; the tables will be turned upon them.

CHAPTER L.

THE TABLES NEARLY TURNED.

At the cliff's base, the action simultaneous, is yet more exciting. Having left their boat behind, with a man to take care of it, the rescuers advance towards the inner end of the cove. At first with caution, till, passing the rock-portal, they see the platform and those on it. Then the young officers rush forward, with no fear of having to fight. Instead of armed enemies to meet them, they behold the dear ones from whom they have been so long separated. Beside them, half a dozen figures, more like spectres than men—with cowed, craven faces, seeming so feeble as to have a difficulty in keeping their feet! With swords sheathed, and pistols returned to their holsters, they hasten on, the girls rushing out to receive them. Soon they are together, two and two, breasts touching, and arms enfolded in mutual embrace. For a while no words—the hearts of all four too full for speech. Only ejaculations and kisses, with tears, not of sorrow. Soon follow speeches, necessarily brief and half-incoherent; Crozier telling Carmen that her father is still alive, and aboard the barque. He lives! he is safe! that is enough! Then, in answer to his questions, a word or two on her side; but without waiting to hear all, he turns abruptly upon Harry Blew, who is seen some paces off. Neither by word nor gesture has the sailor saluted him. He stands passive, a silent spectator; as Crozier supposes, the greatest criminal on earth.

In quick retrospect of what has occurred, and what he has heard from Don Gregorio, how could it be otherwise? But he will not condemn without hearing; and, stepping up to the ex-man-of-war's-man, he demands explanation of his conduct, sternly saying:

"Now, sir, I claim an account from you. Tell your story straight, and don't conceal aught, or prevaricate. If your treason be as black as I believe it, you deserve no mercy from me. And your only chance to obtain it, will be by telling the truth."

While speaking, he draws his sword, and stands confronting the sailor, as if a word were to be the signal for thrusting him through.

Blew is himself armed, with both pistol and knife. But, instead of drawing or making any show of defence, he remains cowed-like, his head drooping down to his breast. He gives no response. His lips move not; neither his arms nor limbs. Alone, his broad chest heaves and falls, as if stirred by some terrible emotion. His silence seems a confession of guilt.

Taking, or mistaking, it for this, Crozier cries out:

"Traitor! Confess, before I run this blade through your miserable body!"

The threat elicits an answer:

"You may kill me, if you wish, Master Edward. By rights, my life belongs to ye. But, if you take it, I'll have the satisfaction o' knowin' I've done the best I could to prove my gratefulness for your once savin' it."

Long before he has finished his strange speech, the impending stroke is stayed, and the raised blade dropped point downward. For, on the hand which grasps it, a gentler one is laid, a soft voice saying:

"Hold, Eduardo! What would you do? You know not. This brave man, to him I owe my life—I and Inez."

"Yes," adds Inez, advancing; "more than life. 'Tis he who protected us."

Crozier stands trembling, the sword almost shaken from his grasp. While sheathing it, he is told how near he has been to doing that which would ever after have made him miserable. He feels like one withheld from a crime—almost parricide. For, to have killed Harry Blew, would have been like killing his own father.

The exciting episode is almost instantly succeeded by another, still more stirring and longer sustained. While Carmen is proceeding to explain her interference on behalf of Blew, she is interrupted by cries, coming up from the beach. Not meaningless shouts, but words of ominous import: "Ahoy, there! help! help!" Coupled with them, Crozier hears his own name, then the "Help, help!" reiterated; recognizing the voice of the man left in charge of the boat. Without hesitating an instant, he springs off towards the strand, Cadwallader and the gold-diggers following; two staying to keep guard over those of the robbers who have surrendered. On clearing the rocky portal, they see what is causing the boat-keeper to sing out in such terrified accents—a sight which sends the scare through their own hearts, with cries of alarm from their lips. He in the boat is on his feet, with a boat-hook in his hands, which he brandishes in a threatening manner, shouting all the while. Four men are making towards him fast as their legs can carry them. They are coming along the strand from the right side of the cove. At a glance the young officers see who they are; at least two of them—De Lara and Calderon—sooner from their not meeting them unexpectedly. For aware that these are on the isle, they were about to go in quest of them, when summoned by the cries. No need to search for them now. There they are, with their confederates, rushing direct for the boat—already within pistol-shot of it? There can be no doubt as to their intent, and the certainty of it sends a cold shivering fear through the hearts of those who see them, all suddenly recognising a danger seeming as death itself. They remember having left only two or three men on the barque. Should the pirates succeed in boarding her, they may carry her off to sea, leaving the rescuers on the isle, and then—— An appalling prospect, they have no time to dwell on, nor need; for it comes before them like a flash in all its horrid details. Without waiting even to exchange words with one another, they rush on to arrest the threatened catastrophe, bounding over rocks, crashing through shells and pebbles. But they are behind time, and the others will reach the boat before them! Crozier seeing this, shouts to the man:

"Shove off! Into deep water!"

The sailor, understanding what is meant, brings the boat-hook point downward, and with a desperate effort pushes the keel clear, sending the boat adrift. But before he can repeat the push, pistols are fired, and, simultaneous with their reports, he is seen to sink down, and lie doubled over the thwarts. A yell of vengeance peals from the pursuing party; and maddened, they rush on. They will be too late. Already the pirates have reached the boat, now undefended; and all four together, swarming over the gunwale, drop down upon the thwarts, each laying hold of an oar, and shipping it. In agony, Crozier cries out:

"Oh, they cannot surely get away—those guilty wretches?"

But it would seem so. They have dropped their oar-blades in the water, and commenced pulling, while they are beyond pistol-range. Ha! something stays them! An avenging Power stays them. Their arms rise and fall, but the boat moves not! Her keel is on a coral bottom; her bilge caught upon its rough projections. Their own weight pressing down, holds her fast, and their oar-strokes are idly spent!

They had not thought of being thus stayed; which proves the turning-point of their fate. No use their leaping out now, to lighten the boat; no time for that, nor any chance to escape. But two alternatives stare them in the face—resistance, which means death, and surrender, that seems the same. De Lara would resist and die; so also Rocas. But the other two are against it, instinctively holding on to whatever hope of life may be left them.

The craven Calderon cuts short the uncertainty by rising erect, stretching forth his arms, and crying out in a piteous appeal for mercy. In an instant after they are surrounded, the boat grasped by the gunwale, and dragged back to the shore. Crozier with difficulty restrains the angry gold-diggers from shooting them down on the thwarts. Well for them the boat-keeper was not killed, but only wounded, and in no danger of losing his life. Were it otherwise, theirs would be taken on the spot. Assured of his safety, his rescuers pull the four wretches out of the boat; then disarming, drag them up to the platform, and bestow them in the larger cave; for a time to be their prison, though not for long. There is a judge present, accustomed to sit upon short trials, and pass quick sentences, soon followed by execution. It is the celebrated Justice Lynch.

Represented by a stalwart digger—all the others acting as jury—the trial is speedily brought to a termination. For the four of Spanish nationality the verdict is guilty—the sentence, death on the scaffold. The others, less criminal, to be carried on to Panama, and there delivered over to the Chilian consul; the crime being mutiny, with robbery, and abandonment of a Chilian vessel. An exception is made in the case of Striker and Davis. The "Sydney Ducks" receive conditional pardon, on promise of better behavior throughout all future time. This they obtain by the intercession of Harry Blew, in accordance with the hint he gave them while they stood beside the spread tarpauling.

Of the four sentenced to be hanged, one meets his fate in a different manner. The gold-dust has been recovered, packed, and put into the boat. The ladies are cloaked, and impatient to be taken back to the barque, yearning to embrace him they so long believed dead. The young officers stand beside them; all awaiting the last scene of the tragedy—the execution of the condemned criminals. The stage has been set for it; this the level plot of ground in front of the cavern's mouth. A rope hangs down with a running noose at one end; the other, in default of gallows arm and branch of tree, rigged over the point of a projecting rock. All this arranged, De Lara is led out first, a digger on each side of him. He is not tied, nor confined in any way. They have no fear of his making escape. Nor has he any thought of attempting it; though he thinks of something else, as desperate and more deadly. He will not die like a scared dog, but as a fierce tiger, to the last thirsting for blood, to the end trying to destroy—to kill! As they conduct him out of the cave, his eyes, glaring with lurid light, go searching everywhere, till they rest upon a group some twenty paces distant. It is composed of four persons: Crozier and Carmen Montijo, Cadwallader and Inez Alvarez, standing two and two. At the last pair De Lara looks not, the first enchaining his attention. Only one short glance he gives them; another to a pistol which hangs holstered on the hip of a gold-digger guarding him. A spring, and he has possession of it; a bound, and he is off from between the two men, rushing on towards the group standing apart.

Fortunately for Edward Crozier—for Carmen Montijo as well—there are cries of alarm, shouts of warning, that reach him in time. He turns on hearing them, sees the approaching danger, and takes measures to avert it. Simple enough these—but the drawing of his revolver, and firing at the man who advances.

Two shots are heard, one on each side, almost simultaneous; but enough apart to decide which of the two who fired must fall. Crozier's pistol has cracked first; and as the smoke of both swirls up, the gambler is seen astretch upon the sward, blood spurting from his breast, and spreading over his shirt-bosom!

"Come away, *mia!*" says Crozier to Carmen. "Your father will be suffering from anxiety. You've had enough of the horrible. Let us hope this will be the end of it."

Taking his betrothed by the hand, he leads her down to the boat—Cadwallader with Inez accompanying them.

All seat themselves in the stern-sheets, and wait for the diggers; who soon after appear, conducting their prisoners—the pirate crew of the Condor—short four left behind, a banquet for the vultures and sea-birds.

CHAPTER LI.

A SAILOR'S TRUE YARN.

It is the second day after the tragic scene upon the isle, and the Chilian barque has sailed away from the Veraguan coast, out of that indentation known upon modern maps as "Montijo Bay." She has long since rounded Cabo Mala, and is standing in for the port of Panama. With a full crew—most of them old and able seamen—no fear but she will reach it now. Crozier in command, has restored Harry Blew to his situation of first-officer; which, so far from having forfeited, he is deemed to doubly deserve. But still weak from his long privation, the ex-man-of-war's-man is excused from duty, Cadwallader doing it for him. Harry is strong enough, however, to tell the young officers what they are all ears to hear—the story of that terrible night. Their time hitherto taken up attending upon their *fiancees*, they have deferred calling for the full account, which only the English sailor can give them. Now having passed Cabo Mala, as if with the "wicked cape" all evil were left behind, they are in the mood to listen to the strange narration in all its details.

Blew tells them the whole story in his plain, blunt manner, and it is listened to with the deepest attention.

"But how was it that the ensign was reversed?" asks Cadwallader, after Blew had given them a full description of all that had taken place. "She was carrying it so when we came across her. How came that, Harry?"

"Ah, the bit o' buntin' upside down! I did that overnight myself, in the dark; thinkin' it might get them a better chance o' bein' picked up."

"And you did the very thing!" exclaims Crozier. "I see the hand of Providence in that, surely! But for the distress signal, the Crusader would have kept on without giving chase."

"Come to my arms—to my heart, Harry; and forgive the suspicions we had, not being able to help them. Here, Cad, take him to yours, and show him how grateful we both are to the man who has done more for us than saving our lives."

"Bless you, Blew! God bless you!" exclaims Cadwallader, promptly responding to the appeal, and holding Harry in a hug that threatens to strangle him.

The affecting scene is followed by an interval of profound silence, broken by the voice of Grummet, who, at the wheel, is steering straight into the port of Panama, now in sight.

"Mr. Crozier," calls out the old coxswain, "ye see that craft, sir—the one riding at anchor out yonder in the roadstead?"

All turn their eyes in the direction indicated, as soon as they have done so, together exclaiming;

"The Crusader!"

* * * * * *

The last scene of our story occurs at Cadiz, in a grand cathedral church. Before its altar stand two English naval officers, alongside each a beautiful Spanish damsel, soon to be made his wedded wife. It scarce needs to tell that the bridegrooms are Edward Crozier and Willie Cadwallader; nor need it be told who are the brides, since they are to be given away by Don Gregorio Montijo; nor is it necessary to describe the ceremonial splendor of that double wedding—for long time the great topic of Cadiz. Enough to say that present at it are all the wealth and fashion of the old Andalusian city, with foreign consuls, and the commanders of war-ships in the port. Conspicuous amongst these, Captain Bracebridge and the officers of H. B. M. frigate Crusader; also two other men of the sea—of the merchant service—to hear of whose presence there will make the reader happy, as it does both brides and bridegrooms to see them. They belong to a ship lying in the harbor, carrying polacca masts, on her stern lettered *El Condor*, one of the two being her captain, called Lantanas; the other her chief officer, by name Blew. The good fates have been just and kind to the gentle Chilian skipper, having long since lifted from his mind the cloud that temporarily obscured it. He now knows all—above all, Harry Blew, in his true colors, and though on the Condor's deck they are still captain and mate, when below by themselves in her cabin, all distinction of rank disappears, and they are affectionate friends—almost as brothers. In the prosperous trading-craft Condor—reconverted into her original ship rig—regularly voyaging between Valparaiso and Cadiz, and exchanging the gold and silver of Chili for the silks and sweet wines of Spain, but few recognize a barque once chased over the South Seas and known as the SPECTRAL CONDOR.

THE END.

ANECDOTE OF SIR CHARLES NAPIER.

Sir Charles James Napier was one of the bravest, one of the most popular, and one of the most successful officers in the British service. A story of his life, if it could be told in whole as he and his wife and his most intimate friends tell it in parts, would be one of the most interesting things ever published. His career in India, for true bravery and well-merited success, is almost without a parallel. He it was who enunciated as his maxim in military matters, never to give way before barbarians, whatever might be the disparity of numbers; and he never did. His soldiers knew that he would never give way; they believed in him; he inspired them with confidence; and, as a result, going in determined to win or die, they always won, though often arrayed against more than tenfold their own number. At Meeanee Sir Charles overcame thirty-five thousand Beloochees with two thousand men of his own.

The following anecdote of adventure, which happily illustrates the wonderful nerve and coolness of this distinguished officer, both Sir Charles and his wife were fond of relating. His wife was a loving and lovable woman, kind and gentle, and in every way worthy of her illustrious husband. The incident happened in India:

Sir Charles and Lady Napier were riding one evening, unattended, on the summit of the Mahableah hills. The sun had just set, the pathway was narrow, bordered on one side by jungle, and on the other by a deep precipice. By-and-by, turning to his wife rather suddenly, but yet quietly, he desired her to ride on at full speed to the nearest village and send some people back to the spot where she had left him, and he furthermore bade her not to ask him the reason why he sent her. She obeyed in silence—wonderful quality in woman—but then she knew her husband. Yet it was no slight trial of her courage, as well as of her obedience, for the way was lonely and beset with many possible perils; but she rode boldly and rapidly forward, and gained a village a few miles distant in safety.

The party whom she then despatched and accompanied, met Sir Charles, however, about a mile from the place, following in his lady's track, and he then explained the reason of his strange and unquestionable demand.

He had seen, as they slowly walked their horses, first a pair of fiery eyes gleam at them from the jungle, and then the head of a full-grown tiger. He was sure, if they both rode on, that the terrible beast, following the instinct of its nature, would give chase, and he feared if Lady Napier knew the dreadful peril at hand, that she might be so startled as to be unable to make an effort at escape, or at least, that she would not consent to his own judicious plan, and leave him alone with the danger. So he tested her obedience, as we have seen, successfully. He remained himself, with only his holster-pistols, confronting and controlling the monster with the steady, unflinching glance of his eagle eye, and after a short gaze and a muttering growl, the tiger turned back into the jungle, leaving him free to follow his wife.

AGRICULTURAL.

FISH propagation has become a prominent industry in Wisconsin through the labors of the State Fishery Commissioners.

NEVER whip a balky horse, for the more he is whipped the crazier will he become. Let everything be done gently, for boisterous words only confuse him and make him worse. Treat him in the mild manner that you would a crazy man, and you will succeed—if you wait long enough.

THE *Gardeners' Monthly* gives the following rules for selecting the best soils for fruits. A light, dryish soil for the peach; a strong, loamy soil for the pear; nearly the same for the plum; a heavy loam for the apple, if on limestone all the better; and for the cherry, a soil similar to that of the peach.

A BREEDER of poultry writes: Every spring I procure a quantity of cedar boughs, and scatter them plentifully around the hen-house. This is all that is necessary, as the odor of the cedar keeps away lice. This remedy is cheap, simple and effective, and is well worth trying by all who have hens to care for.

AFTER all the discussion there has been had upon this subject, most Western farmers have serious doubts whether steaming food for their stock pays. Generally it is admitted that a given quantity of food produces more flesh after being steamed or otherwise cooked, but the doubt is whether this gain equals the cost of the cooking.

IT is cheaper to keep animals in constantly good condition than to allow them to become lean, and then again fatten them; so land that is kept in good heart from the start, always returns a greater profit to the owner during a series of years, than if allowed to become exhausted through want of system in farming, or the waste of manure.

IT is a well known fact that clover has the singular property of being able to extract from the atmosphere, without the aid of manure or stimulants, nitrogen sufficient for its own proper growth and nourishment. The straw and roots of the clover contain a large amount of nitrogen, and these, when ploughed down, are therefore as valuable to the next crop sown as a copious supply of guano.

TO TELL THE AGE OF A SHEEP.—A sheep's front teeth the first year are eight in number, appearing all of a size. Second year, the two middle ones are shed out and replaced by two much larger than the others. Third year, two very small ones appear—one on either side of the eight. At the end of the fourth, there are six large teeth. Fifth year, all the front teeth are large. Sixth year, all begin to show wear—not till then.

A FARMER who has profited by experience writes this sensible paragraph: "In building a new barn, I would advise to put in all the windows I could possibly get in, of course not making a greenhouse of it, but as many as most folks put into dwelling-houses. It is so much better doing the work in a light barn than in a dark one, cattle are more easily taken care of and are more quiet and better contented in a light place than in a dark one."

THE following plan for preparing a hot-bed for sweet potatoes is a good one: Dig out a space as large as the bed is wanted ten inches deep, and fill with decayed leaves of wood. Upon this put eight inches of fresh stable manure. Pound down well, and cover this with three inches of rich, well pulverized dirt. Let it stand until the first heat passes off, which perhaps will take a day or two, owing to the weather. Put the sweet potatoes on the surface of this layer of dirt and cover with two inches of soft chip manure.

BONES are worth more to feed fowls than the same number of pounds of prime grain. For a chopping block, a small log about two feet long, with square ends, is placed on one end, as the end of a block is far better for such a purpose than the side of a log. Bones are usually cast out of the back door on a garbage barrel to feed worthless dogs. But if prepared for fowls as suggested, every pound is worth two or three cents, which will be returned generously in the form of luscious eggs and juicy meat for the table.

HOW YANKEE POTATOES DO IN ENGLAND.—The *Standard*, of Coventry, England, states that last spring one pound each of the Snowflake and Eureka potatoes, two new American varieties, were planted in the gardens at Capesthorne, the seat of Mr. Bromley Davenport, M. P. On the 13th of September the Snowflake was lifted, when it was found that the one pound had produced the surprising weight of 638 pounds. A week later the Eureka was lifted, and it was ascertained that the pound of seed potatoes had produced 1,082½ pounds, the largest yield on record. Three hundred of the tubers weighed 389½ pounds.

THE corn crop for 1875 was one of the largest ever known in this country, probably equaling the very large crops of 1870 and 1872. Every section of the Union reports some increase. The following statement embodies the crops of the past six or seven years: In 1868, 906,000,000 bushels, valued at 63 cents per bushel; in 1869, 874,000,000 bushels, valued at 75 cents per bushel; in 1870, 1,094,000,000 bushels, valued at 54 cents per bushel; in 1871, 991,000,000 bushels, valued at 43 cents per bushel; in 1872, 1,092,000,000 bushels, valued at 39 cents per bushel; in 1873, 932,000,000 bushels, valued at 48 cents per bushel; in 1874, 854,000,000 bushels, valued at 63 cents per bushel.

A HINT FOR FARMERS.—Variety is one of the secrets of success, not only in feeding stock, but also in feeding the soil. No intelligent farmer would expect to maintain the health and vigor of his family by confining them to a single article of diet; and it is easy to see that the same principle applies, though not perhaps to the same extent, in respect of furnishing nutriment to his animals, or plant-food to his crops. All kinds of stock will thrive better on a judicious variety of food, however dissimilar, than on one or two kinds only, however nutritious; and it is clear beyond a doubt that this method holds equally good as regards the application of fertilizers to growing crops.

ABOUT TWO YEARS AGO MY WIFE HAD A VERY TROUBLESOME COUGH, of so serious a character that we all became very anxious; indeed, it seemed that we had but little to hope for, as the Lungs were affected. We tried various medicines, but very little if any benefit seemed to be derived from any of them; so that it appeared the disease had complete mastery, and nothing but death would bring relief. I was then advised to give Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant a trial, and doing so, to our surprise found great benefit from its use. Persisting with it, she gradually commenced improving, until the principal symptoms disappeared entirely, and she has enjoyed reasonably good health ever since.—*John Musgrave, Hubbardsville, Kentucky.*

FACETIÆ.

A GENTLEMAN in an eating house, the other day, looked in vain for a bill of fare. Not finding one, he inquired of a waiter, a new comer, who was yet hardly initiated into the mysteries of his vocation:

"Will you bring me a programme?"

"Yes, sir," he replied, "will you have it boiled or roasted?"

The gentleman, fearing it might be rather indigestible, declined both propositions.

ONE OF THE ADVANTAGES OF MATRIMONY.—He used to cramp his feet up in little boots, and limp painfully to her residence every Saturday evening: but the morning after his marriage he went into a shoemaker's, drew a chalk mark around his foot, and about an inch distant from it on both sides and at the heel and toe, and ordered the man to make him a pair of boots after that pattern. Oh, there's sweet liberty, there's balmy, boundless freedom in the marriage state, of which sore-heeled and distorted bachelors have no conception.

A REVEREND gentleman horrified a small company a few evenings since by telling them that he and his wife had separated.

"Not parted!" inquiringly exclaimed three or four in a breath.

"Yes," said the gentleman with a sigh; "we had some words and parted."

A shudder went round the room, when some one inquired,

"For good?"

"Oh, no!" said the divine. "She has only gone to the country, and will be back in a day or two."

"But," said one of the bolder ones, after a while, "did you really have any words with her?"

"Oh, yes! she said 'good-by, dear,' and so did I."

A POUND OF DITTO.—An honest old man, rather ignorant of the improved method of abbreviation, on looking over his grocer's bill occasionally found charges like the following: "To 1 lb tea—to 1 lb ditto."

"Wife," said he, "this 'ere's a putty business; I should like to know what you have done with so much of this 'ere ditto."

"Ditto, ditto," replied the old lady, "never had a pound of ditto in the house in all my life!"

So back went honest old squire in high dudgeon that he should have been charged with things he had never received.

"Mr. S.," said he, "shan't stand this; wife says she hain't had a pound of this 'ere ditto in the house in her life."

The merchant thereupon explained the meaning of the term, and the squire went home satisfied. His wife inquired if he had found out the meaning of the ditto.

"Yes, said he, "it means that I am an old fool, and you're ditto!"

TABITHA'S THANKSGIVING.—It used to be an almost universal custom in New England parishes, whenever a birth took place in a family, for the fortunate recipients of this gift to have a note up on the succeeding Sabbath, rendering "thanks for mercies received," such being the invariable phraseology. In the town of B—— flourished an old maid of some forty summers, who, by the caprice of a relative, fell heiress to a considerable legacy. Overjoyed at her good fortune, she could do no less than have up a note of thanks. Being somewhat at a loss for phraseology she unconsciously fell into the old form, so that her note read as follows: "Tabitha Temple desires to express her gratitude to God for mercies received." The minister who read it, being on an exchange, and therefore unacquainted with the circumstances, formed the very natural conclusion, that the "mercy received" was a child. He accordingly prayed very fervently that "the child might be brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and prove a comfort and a blessing to its parents." When he concluded his petition, he was astonished to find the whole audience making ineffectual efforts to suppress their mirth, while Miss Tabitha was sitting in evident perturbation of mind—her face overspread by a deep crimson flush. She never ventured to put up another note.

WHY THE SUN-DIAL FAILED.—Old Mills, an optician, sold a sun dial to one Pitman a few weeks ago, with the assurance that it was quite a reliable time-keeper. About a fortnight afterward, Pitman called one day at the shop and said:

"Say, Mills, that sun dial ain't worth a cent. It's no good as a time piece, anyway."

"Maybe you haven't got it fixed in a good place," said Mills.

"Yes, I have," replied Pitman; "but, I tell you, it won't work. There must be something wrong about it."

"No, it's in perfect order," said Mills. "Did you ever time it by your watch?"

"Certainly I did. I've been close to it a hundred times exactly at even hours, and the thing has never struck the time once."

"Merciful Moses! Why, you didn't expect it to strike the hours, did you? Thunder! Why, it don't strike, of course. It has no works inside."

"That's what gets me,' said Pitman. "If it ain't got no insides, how's it goin' to go?"

"Mr. Pitman, where have you located that sun-dial? In the garden?"

"Garden! He gracious, no! What do I want with a time-piece in the garden? It's hung in the sittin' room agin the wall."

Then Mills explained it to him, and Pitman has since traded the sun-dial off for a four dollar clock.

KISSING THE BRIDE.

The custom of kissing the bride at a wedding is of great antiquity, and while among the most refined classes it has fallen into disuse, it is still insisted on by many people with great rigor. A very amusing story is told of a Kentucky backwoodsman who had, after a long and ardent courtship of the belle of one of the Kentucky cities, won her for a bride.

She had for a long time wavered in her choice, undecided whether to take him or a gentleman of wealth and position in the city, but finally chose the humbler lot in obedience to her heart. The wedding was celebrated in great style, and the manly groom was almost as much admired for his colossal proportions and athletic symmetry as was the bride for her exceeding loveliness.

Among the guests was the unsuccessful suitor, who was well aware of the jealousy with which the groom had regarded him, but who had overcome his chagrin at his failure and was sincerely anxious to congratulate the bride. One by one the guests offered their good wishes and their hearty kisses, while the groom looked on with approval and delight. At length among the rest came the rejected lover.

The young groom watched him keenly, but without the least animosity in his expression. The unfortunate rival felt the delicacy of his position, and not caring to provoke the husband's ire he did not proffer the salute which was customary. As he was giving place to others after wishing the newly-married pair well, the groom grasped his arm with his iron fingers, and in a low tone said:

"She's my wife, and I propose to see that she is treated as well as my wife should be treated. If you don't kiss her I'll break every bone in your body."

Rather than quarrel the gentleman kissed the not unwilling bride, and the groom was satisfied.

FRIENDS.—There are friends who are friends only for the hour, friends for the noontide and the flood; they have no real rooting, as you discover if your horizon gets clouded over and foul weather comes in place of fair, if your rushing waters run dry and your goodly vessels are stranded on the beach. These are the parasites of life, the clinging growths which twine round the stronger trees and, may be, strangle them before they die. And there are the real friends, who, if you get into trouble, stick closer to you than a brother, and who only need to be tested to show that they are of pure gold all through. But this kind is apt to be a little stiff and stately when things go well with you, and you feel it rather hard that you must be in sorrow or distress before you can get the starch out of them, and would rather they were more familiar now, if less devoted then—content to discount the chances of the future for the advantage and pleasure of the present.

HOW TO PLEASE.—One great secret of pleasing others lies in our wish to please them. The way to make yourself pleasant to others is to show them attention. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfield, "who cared for nobody—no, not he—because nobody cared for him." And the whole world would do so if you gave them the cause. Let people see that you care for them by showing them what Sterne so happily called the small courtesies, in which there is no parade, whose voice is too still to tease, and which manifest themselves by tender, affectionate looks and little acts of attention, giving others the preference in everything.

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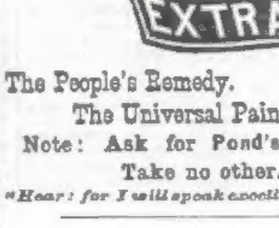

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THE BOUDOIR.

Although the "voice of the turtle and the singing of the birds" is not yet heard in the land, yet the inevitable "what shall we wear for spring" is making its tones plainly resonant. For the benefit of the impatient ones, who always look ahead, we will repeat the rumors that a certain little bird of the air has chirped to us.

First, stripes will be more popular than plaids; next, polonaises and plain long overdresses will be worn; next, bonnets and hats will be brought "forward" and worn on top of the head; next, cashmere lace in the three cream tints will be used extensively for trimming light silks, hats, etc.; next, colored grenadines, and cream-tinted straws and chip braid hats and bonnets will prevail; next, pongee parasols lined with pink and rose color will be again used. Fringes still popular for trimming.

This being the season for fancy-dress parties and bals masques, we will give a few costumes that we think will be admired. One for a Marquise of the court of Louis XVth had an underskirt of satin-striped faille, pale green and white. A box-pleated flounce at the bottom; corset waist, deeply pointed in front, and worn decolletee. The overdress or court-train was of green satin, of a livelier tint than the stripes in the underskirt. The sleeves, back and side bodies of the corsage were also of the green satin. The sleeves were short and puffed, headed by a small bow of green. The line of meeting of the satin and striped faille was marked on the waist by a revers of old lace, which also defined the outer edge of the train at the sides. A rose with brown leaves was placed coquettishly in the centre of the bust of the corsage, another on the left shoulder, and a cluster of the same, with long trailing stems and buds, looped back the train at the left side. The bottom of the train had a flounce, and puff for heading. Dog collar of yellow gold, an inch wide, clasped with an aigrette of pearls. Ear-rings were gold balls with pearl pendants. Hair rolled high and puffed, powdered, with a string of pearls around the top puff. Two roses without foliage were placed high up on the left side. Gloves of creamy white, with eight or ten buttons. Slippers of white kid, high green heels, and green satin bows on top.

An Italian costume. Skirt just reaching the ankle; of blue, trimmed with two bands of black velvet at the bottom. Chemisette of fine white lawn, square at the throat, and having a pleated ruffle therein. Bodice of scarlet, with pale blue band at the top, made low and trimmed with bands of black velvet. Three straps of velvet cross the shoulders, and two bows of the same are placed at the end of the straps in front of the shoulder. Bands of velvet are crossed in front to simulate a lacing, and a band of the same, tied in front in a double bow with loops and hanging ends, is worn around the waist. A veil of fine white lawn, arranged with a bandeau above the waved bands of hair, and pinned back at each side with great gold pins, completes this charming costume. Round gold balls are worn pendent from the ears. The sleeves of the chemisette, we neglected to mention, were loose and full, and trimmed with bands of embroidery.

In regard to Domino parties, we would suggest a very pretty domino of cream-colored cambric or cashmere, fastened down the front with bows of cardinal colored ribbon. A similar bow adorns the top of the hood, and bows are placed on the sleeves. Mask of cream color with cardinal colored silk frill over the chin.

Nor must we neglect to mention a toilette for the street, which we saw, and which charmed us by its simple elegance. It was of dark green *Vigoureux*. The lower skirt plain and full, with box pleat in the back. The overskirt was trimmed with a *bias* fold of silk, three inches wide, and a knife pleating of the same below it; it was long and square at the bottom, and lapped over down the front at the right side. The fold and knife pleating is continued up the front, where the piece laps over. A deep pocket of silk is placed on the left side. It is laid in longitudinal pleats, and within three inches of the bottom of the pocket it is drawn together, and caught with a bow of ribbon. The back breadth is looped in three puffs. The basque is a plain round cuirass, corded with silk. The front is lapped diagonally from left to right, and has a knife pleating of silk down the front. The coat sleeves had deep revers cuffs laid in knife pleating. Plain round English collar of silk. Muff of silk bordered with silver otter, and having a band of green ribbon, with loops and hanging ends, around the centre. Hat of dark green felt, with wide rim, turned up in front, and lined with pale cream color. Loops of ribbon and ostrich tips trim the crown, and long ends and loops fall at the back.

Cream color, it is said, will retain its popularity during the spring and summer. It comes in three shades. The deepest "ripe wheat," the next "half-ripe wheat," the lightest "ivory."

Organdies and fine sheer lawns in old fashioned patterns, with bordered flounces, will be revived for summer wear.

Our thanks are due to Messrs. Homer, Colladay & Co., for information received.

OUR WORK TABLE.

Our model for this week is a crocheted cover for a chair—one of the fashionable easy chairs, made with a high sloping back and no arms. A word to our readers who do not live in or near enough to cities or towns to obtain the frame for the chair. Any carpenter can make the frame, and the upholstering could be done at home. The width of the back of the frame should be eighteen inches; and the height from the seat should be from thirty-two to thirty-three inches high, and sloped backwards at an easy angle. The seat of the chair frame should not be over a foot from the ground, and should be made wide. This frame could be covered with coarse burlaps, stuffed with hair, or cotton mixed with well dried sea grass. So much for the frame; now for a description of the cover. Our model is in black wool, embroidered in golden colored, pale blue and scarlet, and has a border of crimson, wrought in white. The quantity of black wool required would be one pound, of scarlet wool half a pound, half a pound of golden colored, the same of crimson, and four ounces each of blue and of white. Crochet in Afghan stitch, a strip of the black, ten inches wide, and of a sufficient length to cover the centre of the cushion and centre of back of your chair. Crochet two strips of an equal length with the black strip, each five inches wide, of the crimson wool. Embroider a Grecian pattern down the sides of your black strip in gold colored and scarlet wool. For the middle of the strip work a row of palm leaves in blue, gold color and scarlet, blended to suit the fancy. Work the crimson strip, in two rows of Grecian pattern, in white and gold color. Join the crimson side strips to the black centre, by what is called "stem stitch," in white and scarlet and gold and scarlet. It would be stronger to sew the pieces or strips firmly together on the under side, and cover the joining on the upper side with stem stitch. Make four tassels with the different colored wools blended with white and black, and put one on each corner of the front of the seat, and one on each corner of the top of the chair. In regard to the legs of the chair, if you cannot obtain neatly turned ones of walnut or mahogany, you can stain the pine or maple ones with a preparation, for the receipt of which see SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 29, under head of *Scientific Notes*, page 8. If your chair is of home manufacture, as regards the upholstering, let your cushion for the back be longer than the heighth of the back, and turn it over at the top, fastening down well behind, giving a round appearance to the top. We can furnish wool, and any design which may be preferred for the centre of the chair, on receipt of price and cost of expressage.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

MISS E. STARL (Carlisle, Penna.)—Send pattern of Marguerites on 5th inst.

IGNORANT.—You can wear a white dress as bridesmaid even though you are in mourning. We would advise heavy lustreless silk, with white crepe lisse overskirt, and pleatings of the same on the lower skirt. Wear either pearls or no jewelry at all.

MRS. R. J.—Your little girl should have leggings of brown cloth to match her suit. Yes, Cardinal color, and dark green, also deep blue, are also worn by children, as well as brown, yet this latter tint still retains precedence. Get white fleeced pique, and make with kilt-pleated skirt and cuirass basque, or blouse waist in box plaits.

PRUDENCE R.—Plaids are very much worn this winter, and it is said will be continued during the spring. Your idea of combining the brown cameo plaid with a plain green underskirt, and having green mingled with basque and overskirt, we do not admire. Nothing marked, or as our tasteful neighbors, the French, say, *prononcee*, should be admitted in a street toilette, the charm of which should be to appear harmonious without attracting attention.

MISS L. J. (Dayton, Ohio.)—Your idea of making a dolman cloak of the gray cloth is very good. If you embroider it, do it in two shades of gray, and have a deep fringe of the two shades. Line the sleeves with silk of the same shade. A tassel is sometimes put on the point of each sleeve, on the outer seam. Get a gray felt hat with wide rim turned up to the left of the front. Trim with gray netted scarf and two wings of shaded green or blue. Pale half-opened rose in front under the rim, and several pink and gray loops where the rim is turned up. A muff of gray cloth, trimmed with bands of chinchilla fur, will be a very pretty adjunct to such a costume. NINON.

CONTINENTAL DAYS AND NIGHTS.

By Capt. CHARLES HOWARD.

Author of "The Renegade Chief," "Sword and Saddle," etc.

HOW A WOMAN SAVED WASHINGTON.

The heroines of the "days that tried true hearts" are numerous, and it has been the loving work of Mrs. Ellet and other American women to emblazon their deeds on the scroll of immortality; not one lives to-day who is thus rewarded; for years the violets have bloomed on the graves of the mothers of the Revolution. But their deeds live, and "their names shall go down to the latest of time," honored and loved by their descendants.

Among the women of the Revolution is found the devoted Quakeress, Lydia Darrah, and I doubt not that the reader will recognize the name at first sight. She deserves more than "honorable mention," for the one great deed of her humble life is one of the noblest of the Revolutionary era.

When the British army held possession of Philadelphia, in 1777, General Howe's headquarters were in Second street, the fourth door below Spruce, in a house previously occupied by General Cadwallader. Directly opposite, in an unpretentious frame building, resided William and Lydia Darrah, conscientious members of the Society of Friends. They were but little known beyond the immediate neighborhood of their home, and their visitors were Quakers, like themselves.

In the city were many patriots, whose hearts were with Washington, at White Marsh, and who feared that Howe would carry out a surprise which would almost destroy the cause of freedom. These fears were not groundless, for Howe and his generals held many secret consultations, which pointed to some movement against the American camp.

In the month of November, these consultations began to be held in one of the back rooms of Lydia Darrah's residence. The Adjutant General of the British army came often to the house, where he was soon afterwards joined by officers of lofty rank, and by the light of candles, the red-coats held long and important councils. During these meetings, Lydia Darrah and her family retired, but the Quakeress never closed her eyes till the council was broken up and the lights extinguished.

One afternoon, about the second of December, the Adjutant General made *his appearance* at Lydia's home.

"To-night, my dear lady, we will occupy the council-room," he said, "and as we may remain till the uncanny hours come, it is our wish that you and your family retire early to bed. When we go away, we will call you to let us out, as we wish your door locked during our presence here."

The officer, having accomplished his mission, went away, leaving the Quakeress wondering at his preciseness, and she at once informed her family of the restrictions which had been placed upon them.

When evening came, the officers arrived and proceeded to the room, which they found warmed by a cheerful fire on the hearth, and lighted by several candles. Howe expressed himself pleased with Lydia's forethought—for the night was cold—and vowed that he would reward her before the war was over.

The conclave consisted of several soldiers, who drew chairs up to the fire, and put their heads together in earnest consultation. They did not dream that a woman's curiosity, which so long ago as then was difficult to overcome, was at work to baffle the design of their council.

Lydia Darrah's curiosity had been excited by the words of the Adjutant General, delivered during the afternoon. Therefore, instead of retiring, after sending her family to bed, she took off her shoes and put her ear to the keyhole of the conclave.

The first words that reached her ears caused her to start.

They were spoken by General Howe:

"Read the plan of surprise which you have drawn up, Adjutant," he said. "I think we can crush Washington, and end the war at one blow."

Then Lydia heard a paper unfolded, and in measured accents, the Adjutant General read a plan for the surprise of Washington's camp at White Marsh. Not a word escaped her ears, and her lips, in the lowest of whispers, repeated the plan, word for word, after the scarlet-coated reader.

After the reading, silence fell about the council of men, but it was of brief duration.

Howe expressed himself pleased with the document, and Lydia heard him command the Adjutant General to write an order for all the British troops to march out late on the evening of the fourth, and attack the patriot army in camp.

The power of the Americans was to be crushed in one night, and Howe laughingly remarked that the fourth of December, for years to come, would be celebrated in sackcloth and ashes by the unrepentant Federals.

Lydia Darrah, who had imperilled her life by listening at the keyhole, stole off to bed with the words of the terrible order ringing in her ears. For a while, she thought of confiding her secret to her husband, but finally concluded to keep it in her patriot heart. Her lord was a timid man, whose easy nature might betray them to the British officers, and Lydia did not think that such an important secret would be entirely safe in his keeping.

She did not sleep when she retired. Thinking kept her awake, and through her deeply religious mind ran a plan for the salvation of the little army of patriots shivering in the cold blasts of winter at White Marsh. But when the Adjutant General knocked at her door, she started, and a smile stole over her plain face.

"Knock again, thou sons of Amalek," she said, in a low voice. "Thou shalt think that I have been asleep."

At the third knocking, which was quite loud and full of impatience, she rose, and apologizing for her delay, let the conclave out.

Then she went back to her bed-room, but not to sleep. Her mind was intensely agitated, and the camp at White Marsh never left her vision. In the darkness of her chamber, she could see the gallant Washington asleep, "with his martial cloak around him," undreamful of a surprise. He must be saved from the crushing blow. But how was she to get the intelligence to him, having determined that she would entrust the secret to no one?

The time left was, however, short, and Lydia Darrah at last determined to go herself to the American outpost.

White Marsh was eleven miles from Philadelphia, but the outposts were much nearer, and not far from Frankford, where there stood a mill, which furnished flour to many of the inhabitants of the city.

Having formed her daring resolution, the Quaker wife and mother informed her husband that the family's supply of flour was getting low, and that she would proceed to the mill and procure a fresh supply.

"Why, Lydia, they will not let thee beyond the lines," said the good, easy man.

"Ah, William, thee dost not repose the confidence in General Howe that I do. He would not grant thee a pass beyond the lines, but I am sure that he will give thy wife, Lydia, permission to get a mite of flour for her family."

Having out-argued him, Lydia proceeded to the British headquarters and obtained access to General Howe, who readily granted that which she solicited—a pass through the British troops on the lines.

Armed with the pass, but still fearful that her plan would miscarry, the Quakeress returned home and overruled her husband's objections to her going alone, by leaving the house with the sack on her arm.

No one who saw her hastening towards the suburbs of the city, suspected that she carried in her quiet heart, the fate of one of the bravest armies that ever met an alien foe on this continent. She appreciated the risks which she was running—knew that a discovery of her action by the British would imperil her life, for Howe was merciless to spies—but this did not daunt her.

It was a cold morning; the ground was white with snow, and now and then a straggling flake fell in her path. The British sentries stopped her with rudeness, and read her pass several times before allowing her to proceed.

But at last her eyes welcomed the sight of the old mill, where she left her sack, and hastened toward the American lines.

The road was now quite rough and dreary, and the cold December wind reddened her cheeks as she passed on with the secret so dear to Freedom assaulting the bars that held it in her heart. The city was left behind; General Howe and his Adjutant General were preparing for the surprise, while Lydia Darrah waded through the snow, bent on ruining their cherished plans.

At length she descried several horsemen advancing towards her from the direction of White Marsh, and her joy may be imagined when she recognized the leader of the little party. Lieutenant Colonel Craig, of the Light Horse, was surprised to see Lydia Darrah in that lonely spot, and hastened to question her.

"I would send a message to my son, Colonel," Lydia answered him, "and I pray that thou wouldst dismount and walk with me a little distance, for I have something to say to thee."

Colonel Craig ordered his troop to keep in sight, while he dismounted and walked away with the quakeress.

Then she related succinctly the meeting in her house, and repeated the order which she had heard read for the surprise of Washington's army.

The colonel listened with great interest, and declared that the information was of the utmost importance. He furthermore said that it was his duty to report it immediately, and brought the conference to a close. Lydia sent by him a message to her son, an officer in the American army, and saw him ride off with his troop toward the patriot camp.

She had accomplished her mission, and with a lighter heart returned to the city with her bag of flour.

That night she sat at her window, which she had darkened, and heard the steady tramp of the British army as it marched by on its way to White Marsh. It seemed an endless army, and Lydia prayed that it would not find Washington unprepared to receive it.

When the last sounds had died away she retired to bed, to sleep soundly till the dawn of another winter day.

Wearily the day passed to the quakeress; the minutes seemed hours; but at last the British army returned, dejected and worn.

Her husband came in, but she did not dare to ask a question; so fearful was she of betraying her connection with the movement.

It was the morning that followed the return of the British army that the Adjutant General suddenly entered the quaker home. There was a dark frown on his face, and in a voice of stern command he summoned Lydia into the consultation room, where he abruptly turned upon her.

"Woman, lock that door!" he said, pointing to the portal, and she was sure that she was suspected or betrayed.

"Lydia Darrah," he continued, when at his command she had seated herself, "treason has been committed by some one. Were any of your family up the last night we held our council in this room? Speak the truth, woman!"

"Sir, we were all in bed that night," she answered, looking him in the eye, and without a quivering of the lip. "I did not rise till you rapped to be let out. My family were asleep, though I may not have been."

"I know you were asleep," he said quickly. "I knocked at your door three or four times before you heard me. The mystery grows deeper. I am entirely at a loss to know who gave Washington information of our intended attack, unless the walls of your house possess ears and tongues. Why, my good woman, when we arrived near White Marsh, we found the cannon mounted and the rebels prepared to receive us. Therefore," and the officer smiled, "therefore, we have marched back like a pack of fools."

After a few more questions, the Adjutant General took his departure, and Lydia Darrah retired to her closet to thank God for the preservation of the American army.

Her daring action had succeeded, and she escaped without being betrayed. But it was evident that Howe suspected her household, for no more consultations were held in the back room.

When the American army again marched down Second street in triumph, Washington saluted Lydia Darrah, and with pride told General Knox that she was the gallant woman to whom he owed the preservation of his forces.

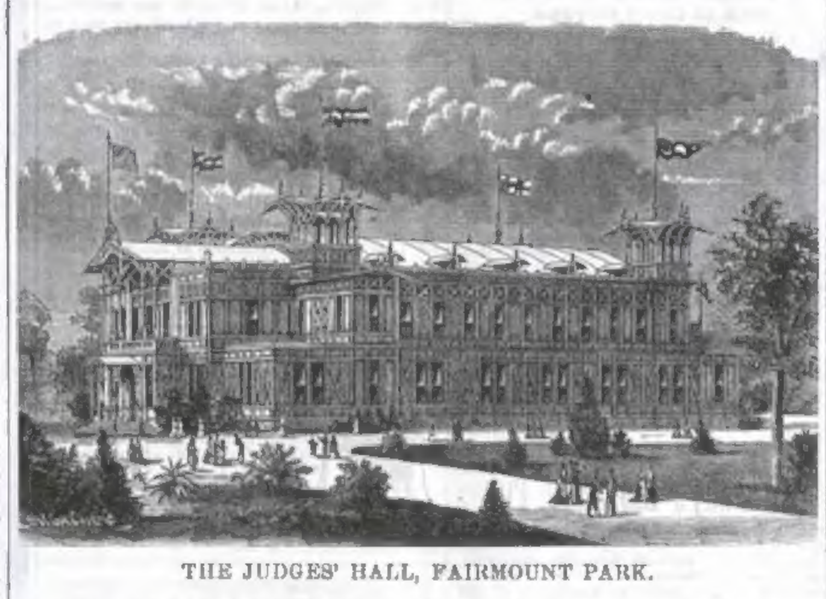
The brave deed of the quakeress should never be forgotten, and over her grave, if it could be found, should be erected a monument that will perpetuate her memory.

She is one of the true mothers of the Revolution, and her descendants, exemplary members of her quiet religious faith, are found among the best people of our republic.

OF ALL the love affairs in the world, none can surpass the true love of a big boy for his mother. It is a love pure and noble, honorable in the highest degree to both—a love which makes a boy gallant to his mother, saying plainly to everybody that he is fairly in love with her. Next to the love of her husband, nothing crowns a woman's life with honor as this second love, this devotion of the son to her.

THE JUDGES' HALL FOR THE CENTENNIAL.

Among the many buildings which have been erected for the various departments of the Centennial Commission, the one of which we this week give an illustration is not the least important. In no former international exhibition has there been the same attention paid to the practical results of its working as in Philadelphia. Every arrangement is being made to secure complete and reliable reports on every subject of interest, and to this end a system has been arranged by which the best talent in each department will be secured to decide upon the comparative value of each class of exhibits. The Judges' Hall, as it is entitled, the architect of which is H. G. Schwarzman, is located on a line with the Art Gallery, and to the rear of



THE JUDGES' HALL, FAIRMOUNT PARK.

the Main Exhibition Building. The extreme dimensions of the building are 152 feet long by 114 feet wide. In the centre there is a large and well-lighted hall for public meetings, lectures, etc., and which will be used by scientific and other societies holding their meetings in Philadelphia; another and smaller hall will be appropriated to meetings of the Centennial Commission, and, if necessary, the two halls can be thrown together, with accommodations for seven hundred persons. A gallery above will furnish accommodation for ladies. A series of rooms is arranged for the accommodation of the judges, each department having its own room, with every convenience. We give herewith the rules adopted by the commission in relation to judges and awards:

1st. Awards shall be based upon written reports attested by the signatures of their authors.

2d. Two hundred judges shall be appointed to make such reports, one-half of whom shall be foreigners, and one-half citizens of the United States. They will be selected for their known qualifications and character, and will be experts in departments to which they will be respectively assigned. The foreign members of this body will be appointed by the commission of each country, and in conformity with the distribution and allotment to each, which will be hereafter announced. The judges from the United States will be appointed by the Centennial Commission.

3d. The sum of one thousand dollars will be paid to each commissioned judge for personal expenses.

4th. Reports and awards shall be based upon merit. The elements of merit shall be held to include consideration relating to originality, invention, discovery, utility, quality, skill, workmanship, fitness for the purposes intended, adaptation to public wants, economy and cost.

5th. Each report will be delivered to the Centennial Commission as soon as completed for final award and publication.

6th. Awards will be finally decreed by the United States Centennial Commission, in compliance with the act of Congress, and will consist of a diploma with a uniform bronze medal and a special report of the judges on the subject of the award.

7th. Each exhibitor will have the right to reproduce and publish the report awarded to him, but the United States Centennial Commission reserves the right to publish and dispose of all reports in the manner it thinks best for public information, and also to embody and distribute the reports as records of the Exhibition.

PERSONALITIES.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER says the Germans stuff cotton in their ears after hearing an opera, in order to preserve the music.

IT is stated that Father Hyacinthe is about to make this country his future home, and will become pastor of a church in Boston. He is now forty-nine years old.

LORD LYTTON, formerly English Minister at Washington, has won the grandest prize in the British colonial service, the viceroyalty of India. The present viceroy, Lord Northbrook, retires on account of impaired health.

THE ex-Empress Eugenie is thin and pale, but still very handsome. She and her son live in a plain and unpretending way at Chiselhurst; the late Emperor's place at table is daily decked with a little bunch of fresh violets. The Prince is well made, good looking, and begins to display a dark brown moustache.

JENNIE JUNE writes: "Miss Alcott is tall, to the infinite surprise of many of her admirers, who got the impression that she is a very little person from her books. But she is a good and thoroughly charming woman, utterly free from nonsense, shams, pretences, and 'gush;' a quick and intelligent observer, kind and even loving to children, who in turn soon learn to adore her."

AFTER the death of Minister Avery, the Chinese Foreign Office, which is composed of the high and trusted officers of the Empire, sent to his widow an elaborate and rich silken scroll to be hung in the halls of mourning. The inscription, emblazoned with Celestial art, is to the effect that "two continents, the Occident and Orient, mourn for the loss of one who spoke right, did right, and was ever active in the right."

JOHN E. OWENS once desired to reward a porter who had been unusually quick in performing an errand, and mechanically put his hand in his pocket and drew out a quarter. He held it out to the porter, but thinking he deserved something more than a quarter for so much intelligence and celerity, drew it back and said: "No, I'll give you seats for yourself and wife to-night, John." "No, thank you, Mr. Owens," said John, "I'd rather have the quarter."

MR. SIDNEY LANIER, a young Southern poet, whose contributions to some of the magazines have recently attracted a great deal of notice, has been appointed to write the text of a cantata for the opening of the Centennial festival, and Mr. Dudley Buck is to compose the music. Both selections seem to be good ones, and the new era of reconciliation will be fitly symbolized by this Union of North and South in the song of celebration.

IT is said of Mrs. Irving, the winner of the Greek prize in the recent inter-collegiate college contest, that she is tall, slender, nervous and active, dresses for health, and in a style to suit herself, is a famous pedestrian, and has always had an ambition to do Europe on foot. Last summer she and a few of her Cornell companions took their skiff at Ithaca and rowed down Cayuga Lake, up the Seneca river to Geneva, thence up Seneca Lake to Watkins. They visited the famous glens and all the romantic scenery of those beautiful lakes, tenting out all the time, and returned to Cornell in the same manner.

M. ALEXANDER DUMAS' sayings and doings furnish a large amount of material to the newspapers. A writer in the London *News* gives an account of a visit to him, and describes his personal appearance. "He is tall, stalwart, very pale, and his first aspect is proud, cold, stern, and a little defiant. But he quickly thaws and shows himself the most fascinating of *causeurs*. He is gay, cordial, vivacious, and simple, full of anecdote, wit, and laughter. He seems to wear his heart upon his sleeve, and to hear his conversation is like drinking champagne of a fine vintage. He talks freely about anything and everything."

LIEUT. MURPHY, whose name is well known in connection with the Cameron expedition into Central Africa, has a companion, also distinguished in African travel. This is the late Dr. Livingstone's dog—the only dog that has survived a journey into Central Africa. This faithful creature traveled from Zanzibar to Unvanyembe with the explorer, and then followed Livingstone's body back to the coast. The dog wears a medal bearing the following inscription: "Mabel F. E. G. O., late Livingstone East Coast African Expedition, 1873 4." It is a small-sized bull-terrier, white in color, and now in very infirm health. It traveled 13,500 miles in Africa—a wonderful effort in pedestrianism—before it was twelve months old, and it has since traveled 15,000 miles by sea.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

MEAT has been sent from Buenos Ayres to France in a perfect state of preservation in a pickle composed of two parts of bi-carbonate of soda, two of boric acid, three of saltpetre, and one of muriate of soda to one hundred parts water.

THE Chinese have for ages been in the habit of mixing the dust from their coal mines with clay and bitumen, and also with refuse matter, and such artificial fuel is, in China, an article of considerable traffic. There can be no doubt that fuel could be furnished in this way at an economical price.

DR. DOREMUS, of New York, says a sure test of the purity of milk is to bring it to a boiling point and pour into it a small quantity of acetic acid and alkali. When these ingredients are thoroughly mixed the milk separates into coagulations of olein and casein. If the milk is pure, no water to speak of will be found in the can; but if it has been watered, there will be a large deposit of water.

PULMONIC CANDLES.—There are now manufactured in England, candles containing in their substance some of those gum resins and balsams, especially benzoin and storax, which have been found useful in chronic pulmonary and allied maladies. These "pulmonic candles" yield, on combustion, a pleasing fragrance, and at the same time give a good light.

LARGE guns, which, when condemned, were formerly broken up by the tedious process of the hammer, are now subjected to the force of explosion with the same result. A charge of dynamite is placed within the lower end of the bore, which is then filled with water. An explosion of the charge breaks the iron into small fragments, in which state it is ready for the smelting or repeating furnace.

PROPOSED UTILIZATION OF FISH BONES.—German manufacturers are continually engaged in purchasing fish bones, gathered along the Norwegian shores near extensive fish curing establishments. These are pulverized and converted into fertilizers. It is suggested that arrangements be made for utilizing the bones from the establishments in Newfoundland, such products of American fisheries being estimated at 120,000,000 pounds per year.

GUN COTTON, we are told, is one of the curious triumphs of the past few years of chemistry. It was never imagined that the well-known and useful vegetable fibre called cotton could be so easily converted into one of the most powerful explosive compounds known, and would serve as an article of offensive and defensive warfare. At the present time a number of batteries of artillery in the Austrian service use gun cotton. It is employed largely by the English Government in their military service. It is also used for blasting in quarries.

A CHEAP lime-kiln can be made of stones laid up, well shaped, by the side of a bank or knoll. An ample fire-place should be constructed at the bottom, so that a hot fire can be made from coarse wood, the heat of which will burn the limestone. These stones are poured into the kiln from the top. The size of the kiln may depend upon the demands of the farmer—one of good size being proportionately more economical than a small one. Such a lime-kiln can easily be made at a trifling cost, and will answer a good purpose.

A GRAMME magneto-electric machine has for some time been employed for supplying light at the House of Parliament in London, and an idea of its power may be gathered from the fact that it is worked by a steam engine at a distance of 480 feet from the point at which the light is produced, the current being conducted thither by copper wires 1-16 of an inch in diameter. The magnets in the machine are arranged upon three massive rectangular blocks, and make 389 revolutions per minute, at an expense of 2¾ horse-power, and give a light equal to over 3,000 of the English standard candles.

SHARPENING EDGE TOOLS.—Very few general amateurs have sufficient practice to acquire, or to retain when acquired, the knack of producing perfectly flat facets on their plane-irons, chisels, etc. By the aid of the following simple contrivance, put together very easily, the end may be attained with dispatch and certainty, the shavings leaving the plane with the real professional "whistle." A ample saddle of wood with a thumb screw and clamp, or dog, for fixing the tool firmly to the cross-bar. The oil-stone is placed between the cheeks and the tool, so adjusted that the saddle bears with its heels or binder angles on the bench, the tool, of course, bearing on the oil-stone. The saddle, and with it of course the tool, is then worked backwards over the stone.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—"Where I have Been and What I Have Seen." "Omnia Vincet Amor." A Memory. "Birtie, you Love me Not!" A Dream. My Valentine. The Fatal Gift. The Wife's Confession. Brown and Jones. Woman's Mission.

P. H.—A theoretical knowledge of civil engineering and surveying might be gained from books, but a practical knowledge can only be obtained by instruction under a competent teacher.

T. L.—The expression "a foot square," is used to describe a surface which is square and one foot in measurement on each of its four sides. "A square foot" is any area which contains a superficies of 144 square inches.

JUANITA.—It puzzles us to tell what sort of a present you should make to your minister, on his leaving the church; a good deal depends on the funds and the man. They who are on the spot are the best judges.

B. M.—In our opinion, it is the society that makes any amusement good or bad. There is nothing naturally bad in the game of billiards itself; billiard-tables are now, you know, common in many private dwelling houses.

A LOVER OF THE POST, (Cambridge).—We can send you the three books you want at the following prices: "Monteith's Political Geography," $2.00; "Greene's Analysis of Sentences," $1.00; and "Hart's Composition and Rhetoric, $1.50.

GEORGE A. CLUB.—"Please give me the name of some prominent officer of the Centennial Exhibition." You will find in our last week's number a short biographical sketch of General A. T. Goshorn, the most prominent officer of the Centennial Commission.

S. J.—Pencil marks may easily be prevented from rubbing out by dipping the paper into a dish of skimmed milk; then dry and iron it on the wrong side. In ironing paper do not let the iron rest a moment, as it will leave a crease or mark, but go over it as rapidly as possible.

S. R. A.—Our advice to any young man loving a lady who would listen to stories detrimental to the good name of her affianced without trying to find out if they were true before believing them is to forget her and make up his mind that she would never make him a good wife, for without confidence married life cannot be happy.

J. M. S.—It would take up too much of our space here to explain to you that soil is nothing but pulverized rock, and we must refer you to a work call "Steele's Fourteen Weeks in Geology," which covers the whole ground, and serves as an excellent introduction to the science. You might afterwards read "Dana's Manual of Geology," a much larger and more comprehensive work.

NORAH.—Take some little time to consider, and in the meanwhile come to a sound and deliberate understanding with your own conscience. If you find you do not, never could love the young man, on no consideration should you think of, or be persuaded by others into marrying him. Marriage without love is a mere cold worldly contract, and cannot possibly bring happiness to either party.

M. A. W.—You have our heartiest sympathy in your domestic troubles, out of which we see no other way than that which you say has been suggested to you by your friends, but as you hesitate to take that step, the only thing you can do is to bear them with fortitude, comforting yourself with the reflection that you are loved and respected by your children, and that they are all worthy of the love you bear them.

H. A. S.—It is impossible for us to give advice of any value on information so defective as yours. It does not appear whether you proposed for her or in any way indicated serious intentions. She may have seen it to be prudent to draw off from a gentleman who, for aught she knew, was only amusing himself. If she does not know your intentions, the only thing for you to do is to declare them, press your suit and take your chance.

K. T.—"In what state is gold found, in ores like other metals, or in a pure state?" It is found in a pure or native state, and not in ores; it exhibits many diversities of appearance, being found massive, in scattered particles, in fibres or strings, reticulated or net-like, arborescent, tree-like, and also crystallized. Gold found in rocks is mingled with many different earthy fossils, and often with ores of other metals, and large quantities have always been found in the beds of the rivers; which latter circumstance, joined with its beauty, comparative purity, and consequent easy reduction, may account for its always having been the first metal to attract the barbarous tribes.

W. A. K.—The origin of the word "Canada" is curious enough. The Spaniards visited that country previous to the French, and made particular search for gold and silver, and finding none, they often said among themselves, "Aca nada," (there is nothing here). The Indians—who watched closely—learned this sentence and its meaning. The French arrived, and the Indians (who wanted none of their company, and supposed they also were Spaniards come on the same errand) were anxious to inform them in the Spanish sentence, "Aca nada." The French who knew as little of Spanish as the Indians, supposed this incessantly recurring sound was the name of the country, and gave it the name of "Canada," which it has borne ever since.

READER.—"Can you tell me what was the origin of the Goddess of Liberty? I have been trying to find out but have failed." If you had ever read the history of the French Revolution, you would have seen that the origin of this term arose at that period. In 1793 it was decreed that the church of Notre Dame, in Paris, should be converted into a temple of Liberty and Reason. A young woman, the wife of Momero, personated the goddess who was to take the place of the Christian's triune Deity. "She was dressed," says a historian of the period, "in a white drapery; an azure mantle hung from her shoulders; and her flowing hair was covered with the cap of liberty." This description you will recognise as applying to the figure on the old-fashioned American cent, with the thirteen stars added as a badge of naturalization.

D. F. C.—What used to be called gift rings were composed of precious stones conveying the idea intended to be expressed by the donor in the shape of an acrostic. This was done by arranging the gems in such order, in the setting of the ring, that the first letters of their names conveyed a sentiment. Thus, to make the word Love, a ring would contain lapis lazuli, opal, verde antique and emerald—the initial letter of each gem making the desired word. A ring intended to express "Love me," would contain malachite and a second emerald, in addition to the above. Regard was intimated by the gift of a ring containing ruby, emerald, garnet, amethyst and diamond. The French have precious stones for all the alphabet, with the exception of *f, k, q, v, w, z*. They obtain souvenir, or remembrance, by a ring in which sapphyr or sardoine, onyx or opal, grains, vermeille, emeraude, natralithe, iris, rubis or rose diamond, are placed. Amitie, or friendship, is declared by the sequence of amethyst or aquamarine, malachite, iris, turquoise or topaz, iris and emeraude.

GREENHORN.—"I have been disputing with a friend as to what 'Hartshorn' is made of, and whether it got that name from being made from deers' horns, as I have been told. Don't laugh at me if I am wrong." You were not wrong, for hartshorn, that is the *spirits of hartshorn*, and salt of hartshorn were both originally obtained only from the horns of different species of deer, to which very extraordinary virtues were attributed; but they are now chiefly prepared from bones, or by a direct solution of the pure carbonate of ammonia. When hoofs, bones, tendons, horns, etc., are heated in iron cylinders, they are decomposed, and a product is derived, partly liquid, partly concrete, which is termed the carbonate of ammonia, and which, when separated from an empyreumatic oil that accompanies it, is called *spirit of hartshorn*. Ammonia is a volatile alkali, found in the vegetable and the animal kingdom; it is found united with native oxide of iron, in charcoal, and all soils which are turned up and exposed to the air. Rain-water contains traces of ammonia derived from the air, in which it is present in minute quantities. It is manufactured usually from slaked lime.

MISCELLANEOUS.—LILLIE.—GERTIE.—To be *au fait* at anything is to be fully informed or acquainted with it. JUVENIS.—It is a failing which can only be overcome by time and habit; boldly face and rebel against it, or wait till time alleviates it. CHARLES.—We should think that the lady has very just cause to be offended at such a request from a mere acquaintance as you acknowledge you are. C. D.—Elias Howe was the inventor of sewing machines. M. Y.—You should pursue a long course of preparatory study before attempting to enter upon the study of medicine. ELINOR.—Of course you should. And you should not even think of marrying a second husband while you are still the lawful wife of your first one. B. A. F.—If a man makes a rash promise to himself about something and then breaks it, he is committing no sin. KATE.—If the man is honest and good, loves you and you love him, marry him by all means, and trust in Providence. B. N.—We adhere to our former opinion, but go your own way, and we sincerely wish that the result may prove that we were wrong. LIZZIE.—At your age you should think twice before you involve yourself in the cares which naturally ensue after matrimony. EDWARD J.—The Welsh is one of the oldest languages in the world. It is Celtic and of Indo European origin. J. C.—Julius Cæsar was proclaimed Dictator of Rome forty-nine years before Christ, and was murdered in the Senate House forty-five years afterwards, or four years B. C.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*